

13 UNDER 1 red history

NEW PAGE

~~HAYES NOTEBOOK: LAST INSTALLMENT~~

~~1944~~  
8-4-44  
Aug. 4, 1944 - Thursday - Received 3 25 word letters from Alexandria today. One written on my birthday. Late one dated Feb. 20, 1944. Clear and sunny today "Second summer" is here. Mast case for Ruge tonight. Sulfathiazole case in member of working party - Page, Cpl. U.S.A. Held for further investigation. Finally got Harrell transferred to surgical service. Had Carey aspirate him and all evidence points to liver abscess. Second case L. has funbled along with and almost let this one to moribund like the last. This case will be operated on Sat. Requested X-ray Rx at P.9. Hosp. for Sgt. Wells, carcinoma of lip of 3 yrs. ago, now showing enlarged submental gland which we have surgically removed. Spec. submitted for exam. Kentner reports that Nogi wrote letter to Chiqiawps about it today.

Aug. 5, 1944 - Friday - Half yasame. As usual doesn't mean anything. Busy all morning filing names and making notes on them for future reference. Everyone's memory has noticeably failed. Very difficult to recall most intimate names, details of recent and past events not maintained with a dam. Common complaint of majority of prisoners. Part of the so called prison psychosis. Hence the great importance of noting down most trivial explanatory memos in order to clearly identify major issues later.

Aug. 5, 1944 - Friday - (continued) Submitted list of all S.I.H.

patients today. Nogi will inspect them no doubt.  
This usually means a directed draft of Jap choosing.  
Not desirable but we can usually change it in some  
extent. Mamata harassing us today. P.R.N. occurrence  
with his every visit. Usual problems present fighting  
for enough food, trying to get Japs to grant us greater  
use of our money to meet the exorbitant prices in Manila.  
4000 P's buys us 2½ sacs of beans, garbage removal  
practically ceased - no fuel to run garbage trucks,  
Japs report I ordered garbage buried or burned beginning  
today. Still boiling our water incident to break down  
in Manila water supply (filtration) supposedly a temporary  
measure but I wonder. I know purification chemicals  
were approaching exhaustion some months ago. Mamata  
has ordered 5 <sup>feet</sup> wells dug on compound. Surface wells,  
hit water at 2½ ft. all drain an area which overflows  
with urine and feces everytime we hit a hard rain and  
rainy season upon us. This well digging is a "protective  
measure for when the Yanks bomb out the Manila water  
supply." Red crosses painted on buildings which have  
a red roof. This saves paint. Having hard time getting  
the white paint work held up accordingly. Overcast  
today. Some light rain during night. We have had need  
of, and have used a great number of blood donors here.  
While we are never in any difficulty for volunteers,  
the fact remains that the generally poor condition of



Aug. 5, 1944 - Friday - (continued) our half starved personnel as they exist today makes blood donating something to look upon with due consideration for everyone is no longer able to spare the old claret. The working party of Ruge's is still in better shape than the rest of us generally. Always get a ready response when volunteers are asked for. Typing four today with expectation of using two tomorrow at least.

Another case placed on critical list today - Hankins, U.S.A. - wd. 11 - cerebral malaria with cerebral embolic episodes. However, this case looks to me to have much in common with Wolfe's case, an officer who recently developed an aphasia, subcortical type, 3rd frontal (Broca - Marie). Barrett is working on that case. I am inclined to consider angiospasm as basis for this lesion - part of same deficiency syndrome which produces our painful feet symptom complex etc. Barrett is an excellent clinician and has done consistently good work. His interest has never lagged.

Aug. 6, 1944 - Sat. Heavy rains with much wind began at 0300.

Bedding soaked. Buildings are all dilapidated leak like hell and crudely shuttered against the weather. Man and/or beast can live in them, and do, and have for the past 2 yrs., but one could hardly call it adequate for care of the sick. As a hospital it cries out to high heaven the low standards and

Aug 9, 1944 - Sat. - (continued) conceptions of those who make it necessary when the situation could really be improved. However, we have weathered it this far and can take it the rest of the way - but we won't like it - and we won't forget it.

Conference with Nogi this p.m. Presented the sad state of our food supply and the low value of the money allowed us. Asked for an additional spending allowance for food, to be charged against our deposits, in accordance with a recent interpretation of the regulations as given us by Kubota. The regulations were broken out and Nogi interprets the character meaning "sundries included in every day use" not to include food. Hence we cannot ask for extra money above our allowance to buy food. We presented the fact that all commodities are advanced 11 times in price and then made the direct request that the monthly allowance of all be increased as a regular measure. Nogi admits full understanding of our situation, but, the pay allowed us is decided by "higher Army officials and they alone can change that and therefore "it may take sometime to accomplish anything in this line." We asked assurance that the case would be presented before the proper authorities and Nogi did give us that assurance.

Entire camp rain bound today. Flash of the day is that Turkey has severed relations with Germany.

Aug. 6, 1944 - Sunday Continues overcast and raining off and on.

Began the day by missing Col. Carpenter from the locked ward at Tenko. Fortunately, we found him very soon, hidden under some old debris in bldg. 12. Carpenter is our most active manic case. Acquired him from Davao. His "break" of this morning is personnel failure. That department has been a poorly administered section and requiring our constant nagging and frequent shake ups. The job becomes too routine and matter-of-fact up there.

Harrell El. M. U.S.N. died this morning. Autopsy revealed large metastatic carcinoma of liver and right lung with primary lesion apparently in transverse colon. Certainly had 100% failure of diagnosis in this case. We seem to be experiencing more malignancy than normally expected in our prisoner population.

Divine services this date. Took communion along with some 40 others.

Admitted an accident case from Port Area. Donovan brought him in. Fractured fibula cerebral concussion, question of skull fracture. Admitted two more special prisoners from "over the wall." Both have been here before. We now have all special prisoners back with us whom we have had before except 2. Both of these 2 cases are in advanced stages of malnutrition. The guards "over the wall" are telling them that if they don't get out of there they'll die sure as hell.

Aug. 6, 1944 - Sunday (continued)

Harrell, Roland Eugene, Aged 36, Elect. Mate /C.U.S.N., died this date; carcinoma, intestinal. Buried at Bilibid with Christian service. Next of Kin: Mrs. Emma Harrell 415 Madison Court, Sarasota, Fla.

Investigation into the Locked Ward escape of this morning reveals officer failure more than anything else, poor administration at the top-force required to carry out adequate security duties lacking. Removed one Corpman from duty there as being negligent. Have written orders for the administration of the department, something I threatened to do before, but the Med. officer involved assured me it would not be necessary and that he would guarantee a satisfactory security bill. I hate to step in and assume directive prevocatives in a dept. which should be regularly and routinely handled by an officer in direct charge. However, I certainly can't sit back and listen to too many "I'm sorry's" either.

Aug. 7, 1944 - Monday. We are still boiling all water but it is quite obvious that the control measures are very poorly carried out owing to conditions over which we have no control. The day broke clear this morning, managed to get hold of a rugged stuff.

Aug. 7, 1944 - Monday - (continued)

Began to rain about 4 p.m. and showered off and on the early evening. Notified about 8 p.m. that "sometime between then and midnight we could expect 21 Dysentery cases "from Port Area." We prepared to handle them. This occasion allowed us to acquire Bldg 12 which we have been trying to get use of for dysentery cases in a long time. Cases arrived about midnight. All Britishers from same ship our 8 other Limeys came from pretty well beaten down and "crapped out." From them we learned that we probably wouldn't get any more cases from the ship as they were expecting her to sail in the morning. However, from the Japs we get the impression that more can be expected.

Aug. 8, 1944 - Tuesday Our offerings to the incoming derelicts which we handle after they have been kicked around are crude and limited but we still manage to get a groan out of most of our sick ones to the effect that "it's the best I've had since I've been a prisoner." As long as we can ring the bell to that extent we should feel pretty good about it. The "spot o' tea" that Brohman furnished from somewhere was deeply appreciated by the boys from Singapore and Bangkok. Nogi came in today unheralded to review the S.I.H. Today being "field day" all beds were out airing and things in a hell of an uproar. We

Aug. 8, 1944 \* Tuesday (continued) We have tried to get him to tell us in advance of his plans so we can adjust accordingly. Having had no experience in administration knowing nothing of hospitals and their workings, he has no conception of the necessary activities the project entails. He finally decided he could do better if he came tomorrow. Short conference with me. He promised to take up this dam nasty matter of garbage removal. He discussed the Page Case involving illegal possession of drugs and issued a warning. I had not filed any complaint in this case, it being a Japanese issue from the start. Notified by Japanese that we must vacate ward 13 by noon tomorrow as they intend to use it for a store house, Wd 14 (LaCompto) is absorbing them, Wd 12 has definitely been given us as hospital space and is now operating as an integral part of Isolation. One Ambic dysentery cases are definitely on the increase. Signed and issued the regulatory measures for administration of locked ward. Sent out 2 more *drafts* with records to outlying camps today. Have 2 more left to issue. Kubota allowed as

Palawan was "far away and might be difficult to get it to them soon." Learned from Britishers today that their ship coaled and watered for leaving today. Two convoys have departed since they arrived in Manila Harbor. Jap skipper stated that no convoy



Aug. 8, 1944 - Tuesday (continued) has left here in last 2 mos.

without losing one or two ships in Formosa area.

Crews are very apprehensive. Rained a little in afternoon. Nogi sent in drug requisition which was heavy in vitamins and sulfa drugs, and atabrine.

Looked like a ship job. From all dope at present, our drafts are probably en route to Japan by now.

Hungry ! Hungry ! Hungry ! Am now down to 142 lbs.

Arrived here 2 yrs. ago and 1 mo. weighing 140 and with a foot drop. Clothes hang on me like bags.

Food situation continues serious but prospects are better for us getting a little tobacco this month.

Not much, but a little . No tengo mucho tiempo para leer ahora, pero p continar el leer 4 el escribia el espanol casi to los dias.

Tengo un volumen de jurisprudencia filipina con reglamentos del tribunal supremo que ."

"Cartas sobre la Revoluciors" por M. Ponce, "Epistolario Rizolino," et varios otras libras escrito en espanol.

Tuedo a escribir mi novela en espanol y asi puedo quedar familiar con la lengua. He

Aug. 8, 1944 - Tuesday (continued)

Another blood transfusion today, to Hawkins, cerebro-malarial case, on critical list. In coma last 5 days. Prognosis poor but never hopeless. A man can be sicker with cerebral malaria or cholera and still recover than in any other disease I do believe.

Aug. 9, 1944 - Wed. Nogi made his personal inspection this a.m. which, as usual, consisted of passing thru the wards, taking a look at the patient, reading the diagnosis, and putting a symbol beside the name on his list. This list will be turned over to us probably (judging by past events) and we will be instructed to make up a draft from certain marked names. The number of names will exceed the draft number by a few which will give us a little exercise of preference. Then we will have to go all thru the same regamorale again, and point out wherein some shouldn't be moved and wherein others are more able to be moved. Eventually we make up a draft as we ordinarily do. Just another pointless stupid demonstration. However, we learn some things sometimes from these procedures. Such a forced directed draft as this one which we believe pending, preceded the Davao influx. We have been expecting the remaining Davao group and Polapan<sup>W</sup> group.

Aug. 2, 1944 - Wed. (continued) Taking away our available hospital space as they have been doing recently, unless we do pass along patients to Cabanatuan we just won't be able to hold any more patients arriving. We are now below a thousand (804 this a.m.) 430 of whom are patients of one kind or another. This reduction in numbers however has been steadily accompanied by reduction of our living spaces, taken by Japanese for soldiery, storage etc. We can never be properly housed in Bilibid under Japanese demands to date.

Nine cases received from Palawan today. Beri beri and dysentery. However, in general, they do not look as badly as many others we have had from there. They do not send in their worst cases. One case arrived from Nelson Field - dynamite accident. 3 japs and 1 Filipino also injured.

Got permission to take over the T.B. cell for lock ward use. This will be a great boon in lieu of the crowded conditions in our psychiatric section. This change is made possible by opening up #12 for isolation.

Heavily overcast and dark since dawn but up too now (12:30 p.m.) it has not rained. Humidity high.

Hawkins, W.C. Cpl, U.S.A. died today at 1:00 p.m. A cause of death: Endocarditis, splenic infarct. Next of Kin: Father, J.W. Hawkins, Grand Pass, Mo. Last Organization: 19th group 30th Bomber Squadron. Born: Mo. Age 30.

Buried in Bilibid cemetery this pm..

Aug. 9, 1944 - Wed. (continued)

Permission granted for me to send Sgt. Wells U.S.M.C. to Filip. Gen. Hosp. for X-ray therapy. He is to go tomorrow morning at 10:00 a.m. for 1st. Rx. Rained all afternoon. Wrote up the food prospectus for Aug. will publish it to the camp tomorrow. Rather discouraging in its essence. Our 4 thousand odd pesos the general food fund will buy exactly 2½ sacks of beans and 50 kilo of meat. That represents our supplementary diet for one mo. for a camp population of 800 - 1000 +. The Japanese script peso is worth practically nothing in these islands today. All of our efforts to obtain more use of our money have been met with flat refusals by the Japanese.

Another case admitted from Los Pines this pm. Reviewed our July weight chart today. Analysis shows that we did a little better in July than in June. However we have had so many derelicts dumped in on us recently that our average in Bilibid today is 127. There has been a steady decline in weights in all classes of personnel since last Dec. except during the two months following the receipt of the Red Cross boxes. The average wts. of the personnel now here, averaged 170 prior to the war. There are no figures by months until we took over in Dec. 1943.

Aug. 3, 1944 - Wed. (continued)

Another pig farrowed after a fashion giving forth 3 piglets, one so deformed we had to kill it. One of our nursing sows is so bony and thin you could read the Lords Prayer thru her. She can just manage to stand up. All other litters are doing poorly and making no progress. Starvation of man and beast is just routine in the copoverty sphere.

Finally managed to get our sewer lines open and have continued to repair our straddle trenches. In the meanwhile the Japs continue to urinate any old place they happen to be. Sanitation is the next greatest problem to food. Much searchlight activity each night. Six are working over the low ceilinged "sky tonight." No recent blackouts however. Rumors again of Davao having been bombed - even of a landing

of a year and more ago. Inclined to believe these are of the wishfull thinking fabric woven in the Filipino brain. The Filipinos have never despaired. To them the Yanks have always been "just around the corner." Certainly no one can ever accuse them of one ounce of defeatism.

Aug. 10, 1944 - Thursday. Raining much of the night and at Tenko this a.m. Cleared away about 9:00 a.m. Busy going over the material and personnel problems with each building officer doing this individually and asking problems and routine issues for 2 reasons, first, cause I need to know about the situation (then opinion) and secondly, I hope to gently suggest to each of them the things they should have an eye and ear for, as officers in the administration of their respective departments. There is a noticeable leak of appreciation of the things to look for and to pay attention to, things which enter into the matter of general administration and details which make up the tone quality and efficiency of a service. Practically all matters brought to our attention by the Junior officers are based on individual instances and issues. Such individual issues can be avoided by having a constant mind for the general administration as a whole. Things which can be handled should never arrive to a point of issue. General problems are the order of the day. Issues should be accidental - and not frequent. I am hoping that by repeated inquiries into certain definite phases of the work in different dept's. to develop in the officer the idea that there are things to be kept under constant surveillance and from that point, maybe ingenuity or initiative may be stimulated to correct or handle their own problems more than they are inclined to do at present.



Aug. 18, 1944 - Thursday, (continued)

Our report on our use of med. supplied in last 6 mo. is ready for the Japanese. I am not aware of the purpose of this report but I am forwarding it with a letter, in which I am explaining that the small amounts of certain items used would never have been that small had we had the drugs to use. The figures, as presented, will appear to Nogi as tremendous so it will be necessary to get him thinking along the right track before he reads them. He has no conception of the needs of hospital administration as held by the world at large. The minor league shoe-string conception of "one hospital, one broom, one patient, one pill, one operating room, one knife, one hemostat etc., is the individual and national concept with which we are constantly dealing. Our expenditures are based on a budget we have worked out previously and based on a 2 yr. plan (one year of it almost gone). Wade and I know we have economically used our supply, in fact have been stinted and unable to do much that was to be desired. We have made every effort to supply the outlying camps and drafts with the greatest amount of supplies we can get by the Japanese. This is a great problem and too often our own Amer. Med. officers are inclined to blame us because they do not receive all they ask. They cannot understand that the Japanese slash the requisitions before we even see them and theoretically we never know what camps req. we are

Aug. 14, 1944 - Thursday (continued) filling. However, all things considered, I feel that we are doing a damn good job on this med. supply project.

All of which brings up the thought that if we are to receive any Red Cross Relief this year the material should be leaving the states early next month. However, creation is such that I have serious doubts of Red Cross Relief arriving this year. The tough days are already on us. Hunger, disease from starvation, failure of drug therapy because of lack of food, general weakness, debility and lowered resistance with progressive loss of wt. in everyone is telling somewhat on the morale and it becomes a little more difficult each day to keep the mob in line and to get the work done and to maintain the same hope, spirit, and sense of self respect that we have built up here among us.

Takaskas, a marine asked Wade and me to sit for a pencil portrait this morning. Didn't take long and he did what is probably a good job. Wade looks a little sterner and more un humored than he really is, and my own portrait suggested more worry and serious concern than I really deserve credit for.

Aug. 18, 1944 - Thursday (continued)

Old Mr. Cook looks like he is on his last legs. These decrepit old men are breaking up fast now. I have exhausted every means of convincing the Japanese how useless, pointless, and inhumane it is to keep these old senile fellows here in a military prison. At least they should have the comforts of other civilians in the Internee camp at San Tomé. Military headquarters insists on holding them. For what, God only knows. They are blind, hopelessly senile and crippled, deaf, feeble, deformed etc. Believe Maxy is in better humor today. Yesterday he was in a hell of a mood. His spirit and hope flags sometimes and when he does sink, he hits bottom. But a good kid, and he bounces back. He's fed up. We all are. But what the hell! Just carry on! "Go on with the game" - with apologies to my allies - The British.

Treatment of Wells at P.9H. delayed until Sat. Couldn't get a carmeta from headquarters until then. The carimatas seem to be getting as difficult to obtain as motor fuel.

Japs suddenly got an idea today. We were suddenly *thrown* out of our tailor shop and barber shop up front in the sally porte and moved further back inside. A guard post was established and iron bars placed across one end of the sally porte. They seem

Aug. 13, 1944 - Thursday (continued) awfully dam afraid of us busting out of here thru the front gate, or having someone bust in here from without, or maybe they visualize some of us getting into that front area and *stealthily* climbing up to their quarters and slitting their throats while they sleep. Well, after all, this is war, and it isn't unheard of to slit throats in war, and you can't blame people for taking precautions.

At 1430 today, Maj. Lathrop and a *Sgt.* arrived from Corregidor for "dental Rx." Late American reports are encouraging. Much blah blah in camp tonight. As the news is tossed about. Morale should pick up a little for a few days. Best news of all is that according to an approved schedule, there will be cases for dental Rx arriving *from Passay.* About every 3-4 days for the next week *or so.* This should give us some late developments at this critical period and something very decisive should have taken place in that time. This is a big break for us as our news has been practically cut off for so long that we really know very few facts from our side of the fence. Our knowledge of late has all been by inference from Axis reports altho we have had some assistance from the local journalists.

Aug. 10, 1944 - Thursday (continued)

Raining since 5 p.m. and will probably continue all night. The rumor persists that Davao has been bombed. (I still do not believe it). Filipino reports persist in the sinking of 3 ships in a recent convoy leaving here for Japan, and one of them carrying our American prisoner draft from here. This word always get passed about everytime a convoy with prisoners leaves here. One can't help but stop and consider it a moment, however, when we recall the Jap merchantman skipper's recent statement that every convoy going north loses two to three ships around Formosa.

Aug. 11, 1944 - Friday. Rained much of the night. Still dark and drippy and threatening as day breaks. Cleared away by 9 a.m. Food prospectus published this date. Routine papers signed. Noted and filed records for future use incident to prison problems. Spent most of morning talking with Maj. Lathrop about his Corregidor problems. Discussed medical supply with him and believe we have helped him to some extent. He has 18 men left out there on the Rock, including one Navy Pharm. Mate *Skpawager*. Today declared full Yasame. As usual, means nothing to us except that we can do no business with the Japanese. Found time after noon chow to read some extracts from Jonathan Edwards and the Quaker John Woolman. Edwards and his wife (Sarah Pierrepont) were

Aug. 11, 1944 - Friday (continued) nuts. John Woolman was a good man, with the Quaker conception of the origin of sin lying in useless luxury. A social reformer at heart and, as most Quakers, a very deliberate practical, canny person. Found these extracts in a volume of "A college book of American Literature" (briefer course) by Ellis (U. of Maine) Pound (U of Neb.) Spo (St. Olaf College). Pub. by Amer. Book Co. N.Y.-Atlanta etc. One of Amer. Lit. series edited by Harry Hayden Clark, General Editor, 1940. This is one of the 1943 Red Cross books recently reaching us.

The British soldier who died aboard ship and was buried in Manila at the time we received our first draft of Britishers was Nicholas, C.D., Pvt. Infantry, 2nd Co. Batt. Norfolk Regiment. Died 7/28/44. Another has since died and buried in Manila. Details unknown. Either from Belfast or from a Belfast Regiment. May learn more later.

Lothrop engaged me in long session in afternoon to give me his side of the Fuller story. I heard Fuller's side a long time ago before Fuller escaped. Lothrop has had something on his mind he wanted to get across to me, which accounts for his *charmmy* *live under disques* communiques and this trip over ~~quite~~ of dental treatment was plainly not for needed dental Rx nor for the boat ride. Long story of intrigue and *conniving* among the Americans on "the rock;" cliques and



Aug. 11, 1944 - Friday (continued) personal aggrandizement etc.

The whole thing messy and in many respects childish.

Rained hard during afternoon and raining tonight.

Aug. 12, 1944 - Saturday. Day broke clear. Remains humid. Got

permission from Japs to let me send some books to Corregidor for use of American prisoners. Also was granted permission for chaplain to hold protestant services in Isolation on Sunday afternoon and Bible "service" on Friday afternoons. Duffie is now the senior chaplain. Humm! Directed my sanitation force to go ahead and bury garbage. Japs stopped them. Japs now say arrangements have been definitely made to take our garbage twice weekly. Let us hope so. Had over 500 kilo wastage in Cabi. Had to beg more in order to eat today. Did get however.

Another Britisher died and brought ashore for burial. One Arthur Newland, outfit and address unknown as yet. At least one ship with British prisoners still in harbor. Lothrop and his Sgt. left this morning on return to Corregidor. My before - breakfast reading this morning was Benj. Franklin's autobiography. Benny was really some guy. I greatly admire the simplicity with which he solved his religious conflicts. He was greatly benefited by his great power of rationalization. I am sure he had his tongue in his cheek when he wrote: "It is so convenient to be a REASONABLE person, for then one can find a good reason for everything he

Aug. 12, 1944 - Saturday (continued) is *wont* to do." The

occasion of this writing was incident to his eating Codfish, something contrary to his formerly stated belief that to catch fish was murder. Fawkin frankly enjoyed the meat of the Cod. He saw other small fish in the belly of the Cod being prepared. "Once they eat each other, I guess its O.K. for me to eat you" says Benny. A really great man. Also read Crevecour's "what is an American?" Every American should read it - and think about it.

Old Mr. Cook placed on serious list today. Ph<sup>44</sup> Ney turned in on sick list with recurrence of his belly complaint. Visited him yesterday. He looks badly. Quite washed out and very thin. Talked to Dr. Hogshire about him. Am concerned about him.

Great demand for tobacco among us. Most of us have none at all. Occasionally, a little is made available to us but very little, and never enough to adequately go around. It's a horrible dam stuff we get anyhow. Hard tobacco. Late indications are that the Allies are now in East Prussia, Yanks and British in Prest, St. Nazuire etc., American and British Commands have moved into France, Allied conference in Wash. Aug. 21, etc. Local press reports American children playing with Jap skulls sent back from battlefronts. Roosevelt presented with letter opener made from bone of forearm of a Jap soldier. We are a barbarous people indeed. Such child like propaganda handled awkwardly

Aug. 12, 1944 - Saturday (continued) as it is, appears ludicrous.

The need for such propaganda indicates that the Asiatic peoples just haven't got the necessary hatred for us.

The Japs are digging fox holes up in their front compound this morning. They have some thin pieces of metal and iron rods with which they mean to cover it. A juvenile American could piss thru it with no trouble. The dam hole will be half full of water in another 20 min. of digging. These palookas have never heard nor seen a bomb. They are as naive about such matters as most of our people were in Dec. 1941. However, they will not need their holes here in the city proper. I can't see any reason for wide spread sector bombing in Manila. Spot bombing of air fields and port area yes, except in case of invasion and the Japs face back entrial into Manila. Then, of course, we are on the spot. Again we sit on the bull's eye.

Cecil gave me a shot of X-ray on my toes today to get rid of my fungus infections. Painted by itching back side with salyrgan acid and Iodine. All of us have some kind of dam itch or blight.

Nogi appeared for conference today - late. Very little accomplished except to clear the atmosphere of any misconception we might have gained when the Japs mentioned our buying clothing etc. from their quarter master and a few other items. We were told today we

Aug. 11, 1944 - Saturday (continued) needn't expect to buy any cheap priced clothing or shoes from the quartermaster. It was "very difficult" to supply. Yes, Nogi had taken up the matter of providing rain clothes for working party but - "it is very difficult." We asked if the Japs had any idea of ever issuing any clothing to patients, having never issued any, and our resources for keeping clothes of some kind on them was about exhausted. They very sympathetically appreciate our situation and may be in a limited number of cases - very few - they ought and would supply something, but - "it is very difficult." Nogi asked for 400,000 units of Diphtheria Antitoxin" for internees at San Tomas. Requested another copy of our Apr. May - Red Cross supplies.

Raining this evening. Usually begins by 5 and rains all night. Usual thing at this season.

Found amebae in Ney today. Amebic infections are certainly increasing among us, and under conditions in which we are forced to live it is a wonder we haven't had more. Wade and I are bearing down on control measures as far as we can go. Our galley when operating at its best still leaves much to be desired. Our Kahn antigen has given out. We requested antigen but were told that instead of giving us antigen, we will send our bloods to Japanese Military Hospital where they

Aug. 12, 1944 - Saturday (continued) are during Kahya. Far from satisfactory from our standpoint for many reasons. Three cases admitted from Caloveau today. Local press reporting bombings of Japan cities. Rumors, were grounded, suggest a strong possibility of Davao having been lightly visited.

The sick list among the average work party is increasing steadily. Now at 40 odd. Due to rains and no rain clothes provided. <sup>Catarrahe</sup> ~~Catauhel~~ fevers, sore throats etc. we have some four wells now dug and filled with water making the four damnest sewers scattered all over the camp and the greatest mosquito breeding areas we have. Just another dam problem created by the addled brain of the Jap pay master.

Our latest report indicates that we have a prisoner relief ship in Vladivastok, held by failure in <sup>negotiations</sup> ~~negotiations~~ but nevertheless still there. From all indications here, it will stay there, too until Nimitz puts it thru. Maybe it won't be too long at that.

Kubota came down about 9 tonight and we had an informal talk on clothes after our conference on clothing today wherein we argued for some kind of issue for both officers and men (and were turned down cold) apparently something happened at headquarters where Nogi went back. Tonight Kubota comes down to our balcony to tell us that clothes will be issued to needy, officers as well as men. This

Aug. 13, 1944 - Saturday (continued) plan will excuse them from allowing officers to use their deposit money to buy clothes outside (shoes at 500 P's, trou at 300, shorts at 200 etc) as they had originally indicated we could do. They have all these dam regulations written out as to what we can do, but dammit we never get to do them. However, Kubota also notified us that we need not boil water any more - water works in Manila now O.K. - Nogi had passed the word. The trouble with this report is, we have information as it was published to Manila and it isn't as simple as it sounds. The filtration system has not been repaired but they are overdosing with chlorine and their bacterial counts are lower than ever. This is all very well but chlorinization will not take care of vegetative amebae, and bacterial counts after chlorine doesn't tell us a dam thing about amebic infestation. However, I can't tell Kubota I have that information or he would want to know how I learned that. A ticklish situation. I held up passing the word tonight about ceasing to boil water in Bilibid. I'll sleep on it and see what tomorrow offers.



Aug. 13, 1944. - Sunday. Read a little more Franklin last night.

His letter to Madame Brillouin which contains the well known whistle yarn. His letters to Mather, Weems, Kara Stiles etc. All written from Passy, France. It is too bad that Franklin's fame as a man of public affairs and scientist eclipsed his deserved place in our literature.

Blew hard and rained torrentially all night. Rigged a shelter half over my sleeping platform and managed to keep the *most* of it out of my face. Very annoying and distracts from sleeping, this water in the face business.

The rain forgot to stop with day. Raining and blowing hard all morning. Cold. Difficulty in galley getting green wet wood to burn. Busy in morning getting sanitary measures under way to lessen our dysentery menace. Zundell, Chief of sanitation jacked up a little. Monthly stool exams on all food handlers enforced more *rigidly*. Breaking up the garbage scavenging; fly control measures; endeavoring to improve galley fly protection. Had Zundell, Gochenorn, Swaitzer and <sup>247</sup>Crane in for conference to this end. Beginning clothing survey incident to itemized request for clothes from Japanese for patients, working parties and staff. We are taking them at their last word but expect little or no results.

Aug. 13, 1944 - Sunday (continued)

Divine services as usual this date. Did not attend. Set up the altar on one end of the old building on upper compound. Church bells in Manila have been ringing furiously all morning. No particular church day today to account for it. However it is Aug. 13, "Occupation Day" commemorating American occupation of the Philippines. May be the Filos. are "pulling the wool" as usual. Two years ago when Tojo was here a Filo. band on way to the Plaza, passed here and did an "eyes right" and played "Stars and Stripes Forever."

Must jack up my chiefs of service again. They are grown lax on their supervision of records among the wards. They do not compare record with patient as they should.

Read some of Thomas Paine this morning. His "The Crisis," "Age of Reason" etc., are so sincere and direct as compared to our pitifully weak and unimpressive propaganda as put out today that it is refreshing to read them. Theodore Roosevelt has left us some similar stuff. This colonial 18th Cent. literature does have its charm and appeal. I can skip Dr. Thomas Young and Ethan Allan however.

Aug. 13, 1944 - Sunday (continued)

Slim pickings for chow at noon. The gabi was rotten and could eat none of it. It is averaging 54% waste which never even gets out of the galley. Three spoonfulls of rice and salt was my noon chow today and I'm dam hungry.

Corregidor sent another officer and one man today. Reports are good. Material received of much help. Tried to control and bridle loose dissemination of talk but got only half way with it. All Americans have big mouths and gab too much for their own good. Am sending books and victrola records back with them. Rained all day. Still raining tonight.

Tonight, Japs turned over all the gabi they have on hand. All of it rotten. The records will show great quantities of gabi supplied and in the meanwhile - actually we get nothing - and go hungry in accordance. The sons-a-bitches.

Aug. 14, 1944 - Monday. Rained all night. Still raining today.

Cold. Lost my "Ole Faithful" today. My "Waxy" lied to me. I fired him. He cried. I felt like it but I didn't. What our country needs is not a good 5¢ cigar. One honest man with 5¢ worth more of loyalty is more in demand. Gordon has been the most loyal and faithful - he wore out. My one loyal officer, Herthneek, died. Et tu Brute! I would have been all pissed off over this business had it happened several months ago.

Aug. 14, 1944 - Monday (continued) My cynicism has taken a definite trend toward the humorous. Maybe one gets a "second sense of humor" like "second wind" or "second childhood."

Z. was in. Epidemiology of the camp discussed. Our conference of yesterday getting under way. Tried prying screening out of Japs. I will probably get netting but hardly wire.

Wells didn't get to P.9H for Rx today. No caless available to headquarters. Hell of a situation. Told Kubata how essential it is to get these X-ray treatments on regular schedule. Maybe tomorrow.

Calley now estimates we may get 15% out of the Gabi turned over to us. Chow continues dam slim and slimmer.

Forty thousand more letters arrived for POW's. I had two delivered to me yesterday. Both written in Jan. Both from Alexandria. Conference with seater from Corregidor this afternoon. They asking us for books and have 1000 over there now. Christ Almighty! I have asked for a list of their books. I want some of them. Talked a little of boats and the West Indies. He is a deep water all canvas man. He and his wife lived aboard their Ketch at Honolulu. He is interested in trying the West Indies as a stamping ground after the war. He couldn't do better.

Our MaYMA -san cat was electrocuted going under the fence. We now have 3 baby kittens to raise.

Aug. 14, 1944 - Monday (continued) They slept with Willie last night.

Aug. 15, 1944 - Tuesday. Japs had us moving rice out of the front store room into #15 until midnight. Some talk of a Jap general walking thru today. Japs having a hell of time bailing out their fox hole up front. What they really have is a well. As fast as they bail, it runs back in. I think they learned that sometime late yesterday after bailing all day. I am writing this at 9:00 a.m. Caught in my barracks building and unable to get out and do anything because of air raid drill. All the available soldiery have moved in. As I write this, just outside my door, crouched down with fixed bayonet on his rifle is a Taiwan guard. He is *within* spitting distance sort of looking up at me as I sit here quietly writing. He is all tense and has every expectation of three or four of us lion-like Americans charging out on him *for what or why, I guess he must be more stopped to figure* out. If and when the Yanks should come over and drop a few, we will be or would be victims of an ignorant mass movement. Wade managed to get over to the office and is *enronced* in #7. Wherever one happens to be when this dummy run comes off, no matter your business or needs elsewhere, there is where you stay. This drill this morning is a part of a 3-day practice involving the entire Manila area. Having emergency

Aug. 15, 1944 - Tuesday (continued) drills in Manila etc.

are as stupid as this phase in here. It will be interesting while it lasts to watch this cute bastard who is supposed to crouch outside our door when the air gets full of things. None of these people have ever experienced any bombing or have any idea what it is like. It will only take the first run of one raid to greatly advance their education.

A short but quite severe earthquake rocked us considerably last night about midnight. As east to west rock. Had us up for a few minutes. The old building complained considerably but held together.

A random shot cracked out somewhere in the compound about 2:00 a.m. This happens ever so often of late. Sometimes the whine and ricochet can be heard. No explanation but we have our various ideas.

Evacuation of Manila continues. Thousands have left for the provinces. Jap soldiery has moved into the city and taken over many buildings. Trees cut down along Dewey Boulevard and the Suneta making a runway for planes on the Boulevard. We had that plan in mind also. Much fox hole digging by Japs in city.

70  
 Aug. 15, 1944 - ~~Continued~~ (continued) all now ~~95~~ armed with full field equipment including gas masks, iron hats etc. The flag on Avenue Hotel has reappeared, two blocked to the top. Japs tell the working party that American planes have been over Luzon. Davao definitely bombed in past week. Report verified.

My doubts as to potability of the water as reported recently were verified this morning. Have resumed boiling all water today. In fact, we have never ceased boiling in our quarters. Am still not satisfied with the garbage handling. Working on this again today. Have directed construction of box for garbage with self placing top and placed at pig pens for auxillary collection. Headquarters crying for our charcoal for purification purposes. Need it badly. Much SNAFU on all dept's. They are in a dither - and well they might be. They know they should be doing something - but what? The Gen. was in - looked about a bit and shoved off. Apparently doesn't take much to satisfy him.

Old Mr. Cook placed on critical list this a.m.

Hungry - Hungry - Hungry. One spoonful of whistle - weeds and a spoonful of dry rice at noon. Cases from Nielson field and Calucan yesterday and today. Census building up again. Old Britishers are running almost 100% amebic dysenteries. Corpman Ney is worse tonight.

Aug. 12, 1944 - Tuesday (continued)

Sent <sup>Carey</sup> ~~Carey~~ and Art up

there to see him in consultation with "Broke."

The man is dehydrated - needs gobs of fluid.

Stools continue full of Amebae - dam sick boy -

assigning increased protein food for him. Our

supply for the sick runs low. Thru a little

subterfuge have been able to hide out a reserve

can med. supply but that is now approaching the

end. A few struggling cases of Red Cross food

remain which we have been able to drag out by the

most rigid economy and figuring. Lt. King of the

Army has been a great help to me in this regard.

I consider him as having been the officer of second

greatest value to the Camp. Haase was #1. However,

time changes the relative values of men At this

moment I consider Wade as #1. This evaluation is

based on replace-ability. Even tho Haase were here

with us today he would not now be rated #1. Circumstances

increase and decrease the momentary importance of

all men.

The dynamite burn case from Nielson took a  
white blood drop to 1000. Transferring him tonight.

Afraid a local Sulpha drug application is cause.

~~Transferring him tonight. Afraid a local Sulpha~~

~~drug application is cause.~~ Also an active malaria case.

Everything is clinically complicated here with depriv-

ation of food common to all and exerting great influence

on the clinical picture of every case.



Aug. 15, 1944 - Tuesday (continued)

Read a little of Thomas Jefferson today. Also *French*. I never knew until today that *French* lived for 2 years in St. Croix. Never heard him mentioned in the Islands at any time. I must look into that. His poem of Santa Cruz "The Beauties of Santa Cruz" suggests the west end of the Island - avoies etc. Also I learn that Joel Barlow "built on the Potomac." I wonder where? Do not particularly care for the poetry of either. *French* best, to me, is his "Fancy." I believe *French*'s biography would be more interesting than his poetry.

Aug. 16, 1944 - Wednesday. At regular intervals all during last night, distant booming to the north. Sounded like distant gun fire at sea. Last heard it at dawn. Far off drove as a lone plane (or many in good (heard at times. Probably dummy runs, or dynamiting fish - or something.

Seven more pigs delivered last night. Only a fair litter. Two O.K., two fair, one not as good, one runt. Now have 76 pigs all told, all in various stages of starvation. Losing good meat daily.

Aug. 16, 1944 - Wednesday (continued)

For early morning reading I moved up into the early 19th Century and read "Moral Argument Against Calvin<sup>n</sup>ism." This every cha had a splendid mind. I am quite interested in this Unitarian business and I wish I had spent more time in looking into Transcendentalism when I was in New England. I visited the cave of Thoreau, Emerson, etc. but I didn't seem to get deeply impressed at the time. To me then it was "just another system." I think the boys have something and I wonder if they haven't had more influence on thought trends in our day than many of us realize. I would like to talk over these matters by the fire in the old stone hearth at Carlyle - Carlyle with its Columbine covered rock-gardens and colorful tulip beds - tulips, the color of bruised lips. I remember these well.

Another case of Diphtheria among the corpsmen. We have had several shipman this time. 6 boy. Morehead City. Made regular weekly inspection. Picked up several material defects, a few neglects, and saw in general many things most repugnant, undesirable, and under normal circumstances readily remedied, under present conditions, helpless to change. Other elements present which under American standards would be intolerable. For the most part

Aug. 16, 1944 - Wednesday (continued) general upkeep is good to the extent we are permitted to run our own show. I took the south end, Marion the north.

Transfused Ney this morning. Saw McCracken with Longden and <sup>in</sup>Cagey this morning. Developing *icterus* and ~~and~~ subperiosteal hemorrhages over bony prominences and has a palpable mass in left *hyperchondrium* ~~hyperchondrium~~ X-raying him this afternoon. (We have 3 film left). Probably took a Barium passage also. Day and night blood for Filaria. He is an old Malaria and so called Nephritis case besides. The history of bloody urine some months ago has many possibilities.

Old Mr. Cook <sup>is</sup> critical. Do not expect him to live. Had a good look at the Japs "bomb proof" this morning. A hole 2 ft. deep with galvanized roofing around the sides, some dirt thrown around it. For a roof some thin sheets of iron. I asked "Capt. Bly" what protection that chicken house would give him that any one of the stone walled buildings around here wouldn't give. No answer. Just laugh. It will be funny - in a tragic way. Radish water for chow today.

Aug. 16, 1944 - Wednesday (continued)

Nogi in for brief conference, at which time he takes out with him five clinical thermometers. Asked that they all be in Centigrade so apparently for his own use. ~~Some~~ are all Fahrenheit. He took them anyway. We presented a tabulated clothing need report today. He took it without comment. In meanwhile he sends in a sample of blue cotton cloth which is available to officers at 1.60 per yard, each person taking 6 yds. wants to know how many yards we want. We asked him to tell us if we could buy this extra and above our food money allowance and charge against our deposit. Many of us need this cloth and will gladly take 6 yds. or more if we don't have to expend our food money for it. This should come under the "extra allowance" they are always talking about. This cloth business is probably their complete answer to our clothing requests of late.

Notified late tonight that turnover moving 170 arrive from Clarke Field, and 570 from Cabantuan in the afternoon, a draft for Japan: (They are apparently still getting a few ships out). This will indeed create a little problem as to water supply, all water having to be boiled. The galley has been able to assume a major load of the water boiling but doubling our population will require every callow we have to feed the masses and water

Aug. 14, 1944 - Wednesday (continued) boiling becomes a stepchild.

We are working out that problem tonight. We have less housing space for them now (& less) since we took over #12 for isolation. Have 2 ton of gabi garbage in one end of the building we must get out tonight in order to make the place liveable. This tonnage represents the waste and unedible gabi the japs recently gave us. Wood storage has been necessary in the mid section of the bldg. in this season of rains. Only place available for such drying as is necessary and for the choppers to work unless they work all day in a torrential rain. Our only bet is to rob Peter to pay Paul - a good old Jap custom - cutting off the top and sewing on the bottom. Then, just when I get everything else ordered out, tomorrow the chaplains will be on my neck wondering and worrying about where they can hold services on the rainy Sunday coming up 3 days off. (They use #12 & 13 when no drafts are in). This time they'll probably find themselves ensconced and holding faith down under the front salley port between the cobbler tailor and barber shop. I agree with Benny Franklin that our greatest evils arise from a perverted sense of values.

Aug. 16, 1944 - Wednesday (continued)

As I crawled into my sac tonight under my net I found it a little cluttered with a cluster of items which weren't entirely identifiable in the dark. On further inspection I find Santa Clause has left me 2 pieces of solder, some solder acid, 1 box of cinamon, 4 small black cigars, a package of Jap cigarettes, a file, some element wire, a package of American tobacco, a pair of pliers. All very much needed and welcome and God bless the source from which they came.

Aug. 17, 1944 - Thursday - Rained much of the night. Overcast this morning. Had cinamon and cocanut milk on my this morning. Just like the Waldorf Astoria. The distant booming of 2 nights ago and yesterday has ceased. No explanation to date. Read some this morning from <sup>Diedrich</sup> ~~Frederick~~ Knickerbocker's history of N.Y. My reading time is from Tenko to breakfast. I've always heard about this dawn to daylight reading and studying but this is my first real experience with it. However, it is the only good time to thrive without *food*. They have found the galley now. The next step will be to have *one* of their own.

Aug. 17, 1944 - Thursday (continued)

Informed this a.m. that the Japan draft is to be 1000 in all. Looks like Clarke Field is to be completely cleaned out. It is now after 11 a.m. and none have appeared to date. Garbage truck not arrived (as usual). We all prepared to handle the water and feeding situation.

Most of morning occupied with Buf *amonte* during which I managed to get the Japanese to allow me to increase his medical supplies and take some back with him. Also, Nogi promises to look up the regular requisition intended for Corregidor and get it over to them. However, from the way the Japs talked this morning I am wondering if the entire Corregidor detail isn't to be broken up soon.

Wade occupied this morning straightening out detail difficulties resulting from complete lack of leadership and sense of team work and responsibility on pair of officers. If I weren't bull headed and stubborn I'd consider the situation hopeless as regards our general run of junior officers - and many of them not so junior. They lack force, the urge and ability to carry thru, the inability to grasp essentials of a mission. The ability to organize and administrate utterly lacking. This requests from an undisciplined past in which nothing has been

Aug. 17, 1944 - Thursday (continued)

expected of them. Sad commentary on our recent trends in child raising and education.

First contingent from Clarke Field arrived at 1 p.m. Jenson in charge of them. They aren't aware of why they are here. Arranging for their routine care, housing, sick call, feeding etc. No garbage truck. Have a gang shoveling the rotting gabi out of the building to make room for them. Had a go-round with Sato as to why something wasn't being done to get this fly breeding slop out of here. As usual, he admits they don't want to bring in the truck - they can find a hundred reasons why it can<sup>nt</sup> get in. The obstruction attitude of the Filipino toward the Japanese system does make us the goat. The Japs never present their needs as a measure for us but as something for the Japs. Result is - it isn't gotten if the Filos can help it. In the meanwhile we take it. Explained to Sato I didn't want to create anymore fly breeding than we now have. Having a hell of a time keeping epidemics from blossoming and control far from good even as it is. If I ever get out from under the thumb of National stupidity I'll thank God 24 hrs. of every day. In the meanwhile, please God help me to keep from flipping my top.



Aug. 17, 1944 - Thursday (continued)

From a Jap truck driver we have it that drafts are coming from all over - Bataan, Baguio, Los Pinos etc. No time limit expressed but wouldn't surprise me a dam bit if they aren't clearing out all prisoners as fast as they can. If so, <sup>we here</sup> ~~have~~ at Bilibid we can expect a constant flow in and out for some days to come. This is the accomodating place, the centre and cross roads of American prisoner moves in the Philipinas. Some time or another, everyone passes thru Bilibid.

Classified the Clarke Field draft as to SIN, S12 FFT & NVFT; during the afternoon Nogi to see them and approve. Draft from Cabanatuan arrived at 6 p.m. Many familiar faces among them.

Marshal, John R. put U.S.A. 6582813 placed on serious list today. Amebic dysentery. Ney looks some better. McCracken unchanged. Bury <sup>m</sup> case from Neilson doing well.

Aug. 18, 1944 - Friday. Started off day with having R <sup>little</sup> up short.

Another monkey wrench type. An est <sup>hate</sup> too. And a liar. The usual ludicrous Friday - "Half y&same" Drippy morning. <sup>Early</sup> morning reading this morning, William Cullen Bryant, extracts from Irving's sketch book and his Life and Voyages of Columbus. I can understand Carlyle's great admiration for "To a Waterfowl," and Poe's favorite metaphors in Bryant's)

Aug. 18, 1944 - Friday (continued)

"Fairest Rural Maid." Irvings "On British writers of Am<sup>erica</sup>" is well worth anybody's reading. It is pregnant with poise.

Admitted 26 from present <sup>draft</sup> to hospital to date. Twenty one to Isolation. The Cab group report Huffleatt's death at Cabanatuan shot by a Jap guard. Huffleatt<sup>was</sup> was working his garden plot near a fence and turned around after working one row. A guard in the tower saw him and yelled at him, altho Huffleatt had always worked this plot and was not engaged in anything out of the ordinary. Huffleatt looked up at the guard when the guard yelled. The guard raised his rifle and shot him thru the chest. Huffleatt<sup>tried</sup> tried to rise and call for help. The guard shot him again. Huffleatt<sup>was</sup> was here with us as a patient for a while. He was on the rock as secretary to Sayre, the American commissioner. The usual varying reports on <sup>at times</sup> Cabanatuan conditions are ripe. I am still convinced that it all depends upon who you are and who you know as the <sup>way</sup> you get along up there. However, after looking over this draft I am inclined to think that things aren't as good for anybody as they were up there: In spite of our lack of chow here, I am inclined to believe that our average is faring better than their average. Our policy of "equity in all" is proving itself the best long run policy.

Aug. 18, 1944 - Friday (continued)

This draft is a chaotic horde and loosely offered and poorly disciplined. It is very difficult to help them.

Bufamonte left this morning to return to Corregidor. Had a long talk with him last night. We talked progressively, and of Phila. and the Delaware, and the Pocono Pines.

Japanese refuse to increase our food for this draft. Our rice is 92.7 kilo short and the whistleweeds vegetable allowance is 446. ~~and~~ kilos shorts, even short of what we should have even if our census wasn't doubled yesterday. They say "It is unfortunate". They have the ~~f~~<sup>h</sup>nd but won't give in. We asked for 149 kilo of mango beans (which they have) to make up the shortage we get 34 kilos. The census stands this morning at 1488.

Sata requesting name of anyone in camp able to speak Japanese. They are probably trying to keep from sending a Jap interpreter with this draft. Haase went with the last one. To my knowledge there isn't a single person left able to write, speak, or understand Japanese except a few limited words and expressions which one of us have naturally picked up. Except in a few instances there has been a repulsion to the language as a part of the general feeling of repugnance Wade all things' Japanese.

Aug. 15, 1944 - Friday (continued)

I can understand this very well, in fact have experienced the same feeling myself, but it is the wrong attitude. I have long contended that knowing the other guy's *language* is a great asset. It has been a handicap we have labored under no end. Too many Japs know English and too few of us know Japanese. If I had my time to go over, I would know Japanese today and be doing a dam sight better job than I am. It is a self

*throat* - cutting provincialism not to learn the other guy's language. Being a Caribbean sailor primarily, I know Spanish and have certainly found myself thrice blessed on many occasions for it. One of my points of special emphasis in my contemplated article *on* "Training" is the one of language courses for officers and men. The Navy is, and should be, in its international relations prepared to meet the world on its own ground. Carlos of Spain said "Show me a man who knows 5 languages and I will show you a man worth 5 men." He had something. This old provincial remark we hear in America so often "Let em talk English if they want to talk to me." It is the alibi and petulant complaint of the lazy, the swag, the parasite, the ignorant, the unthinking, the unknowing, the stuffed shirt, the narrow horizoned, do nothing types we have in America, and in our Navy as well as elsewhere. We will always have them but they

Aug. 18, 1944 - Friday (continued)

must be kept in the minority and should not stamp us as a people. Of course, in this particular instance, can't blame anyone for denying the knowledge of the Jap *language*. Many Japs know English but don't publish it but still they perform a valuable service for Japan. The whole story about it at present, if an interpreter is not found, Sato himself will have to go.

Still fighting garbage disposal, now working ~~on~~<sup>on this</sup> and the truck still not arriving. Very ~~amusing~~<sup>amusing</sup> that such a simple problem can be made so complicated. Another sewer line blocked up and again we are at the mercy of the Japanese - Filipino services to help us. There are too many vital features in our life not sufficiently under our own control. Constant fight, nag, talk, beg, bulldoze, argue and endure. I have changed a little, but it is now in the physiology to have an oriental patience. Even patients (so called) can be ~~pathologic~~<sup>pathologic</sup>.

Report just reached me that Jap interpreter will not be necessary. Cabanatuan to furnish one. Sato breathes easier. He didn't want to make that trip. Raining tonight.

Aug. 15, 1944 - Saturday. Rained all night. Still raining this morning. Notified of 350 more arriving from Clarke Field this morning, 100 and tomorrow, 70-90 next day from "somewhere." Christ only knows where we will stow them. Jamming them in will give them excellent training and conditioning for the sardine packing they will undergo in a Jap prison ship.

Trying to straighten out interdepartmental confusion between galley and veterinary dep't. Wade spending the morning in conference with them. Piller on the carpet from Sochenonis Dept. Repeated unsubordination but, goddam it, it originated in a sincerity which is of unfortunate birth in a premature senility. Capt. Baker has a disciplinary problem in one Donnelly. Will see him at mast tonight. Sewage and garbage problems. And <sup>Sh</sup> dam hungry. Everybody else is. But everybody else can growl out <sup>Paul</sup> at me about it. This little book is the only place I can plant my grave. Wrote my mailing card today. Also Diaz. <sup>Diaz</sup> ~~Best~~ Bentner, Reynolds have sent cards. Some think they will beat these cards home. Hope springs eternal in the human breast. My breast isn't bubbling to that extent as yet. Early morning reading - "James Fenimore Cooper." It is indeed stiff and to me drive - novelist. I personally feel that he has been eclipsed in all his fields - sea stories - Indians - pioneers etc. He was an irascible

Aug. 19, 1944 - Saturday (continued)

old Bastard and I imagine he was an interesting person to know. Not a dull moment. Always swinging a ball bat.

The Japanese did the glass rod test on the Cabanatuan draft this afternoon. The silliest most asinine (mostly asinine) procedure imaginable. It amounts to only one thing - it permits the Japanese here to go on record as truthfully reporting that every American ~~bunghole~~ <sup>bum</sup> entering Japan has been viewed face to face. *Diagnostically* it is a <sup>a</sup> farce and can tell nothing. Two new arrivals from Corregidor today. Usual formalities carried out.

Davao continues to be bombed. This, and other developments reaching us suggest that Mac may have ideas. Let us hope so. The need for deliverance becomes more acute daily. 150 more men arrived from Clarke Field today. Census at 1639 tonight. Still raining. Chow goes from bad to worse. Japanese are unprepared and unable to support a move of personnel involving a thousand. Food not forthcoming. 73 Kilo of fish for 1639 people! I am mindful of the 2 fishes and the seven loaves. But I can't do anything like that.

Papa settles petty bickerings among his children in spare time. "Reds" won't let Eddie play with the music box etc. Good God! However, I wish all my troubles were trifles like that. McCracken is some

Aug. 19, 1944 - Saturday (continued)

Better. Mr. Wright is showing neg. throat cultures. Corpman Shipman doing well. May has improved considerably. Sgt. Marshal looks some better. Looks like he may have had an abscess of bowl (anabie) which may have ruptured. Draining thru bowel. Many such cases get well. Cook continues critical. Our batting average continues good with our serious clinical problems.

Glanced a little at Thoreau at noon. Thoreau was a fool, even tho he could work with his hands. I first read Thoreau's "Walden" setting on the rock pile marking the site of his shock on Walden Pond, in the year 1931. I wasn't unpressed then and I'm not impressed now. As Benny Franklin remarked, "a man can have his own ideas and conceptions without making a dam fool of himself" or words to that effect. To my way of thinking, Thoreau<sup>h</sup> was too "individualistic" to contribute one dam thing of any value to mankind or the world about him, which means that in his selfishness and egoism he was a useless parasite and a monkey wrench in the machinery operating for the common welfare and endeavoring to improve or at least to encourage improvement of human behavior. There isn't 10¢ worth of logical argument in anything he ever wrote. His poetry is puerile.



Aug. 19, 1944 - Saturday (continued)

Heard Donnelly case at mast. Also Hubbard. Brig sentence recommended for both. Both involved in the subterfuge to change places on work party, and Donnelly using scurrilous language toward the C.P.O. and against the service in general.

Aug. 20, 1944 Sunday. Overcast - Drippy. Draft ~~and~~ *activity* continues. 195 more arrive this a.m. from Clarke Field, 150 from Neilson this afternoon, 80 from Cabau. Tomorrow Japs are working on a Japan draft finally to number 1035. Another hungry day.

Died this morning at 0645, Cook. Geo. ~~Christian~~ civilian, age 64. Hypertensive heart disease. Next of kin, wife - Mrs. Matae S. Cook, Paeta, Lagoon, P.I., Born California. Buried on Bilibid. Another old man civilian dead as a result of useless inhumane detention in a military prison camp.

Visited the seriously and critically ill cases this morning. General situation looking up with them. Amebic dysentery section crowded and more appearing every day. Burying garbage this morning. Garbage removal service continues to cry that they have no alcohol for fuel to run the truck and the Japs won't furnish them any alcohol, so here we sit wallowing in our own swill "Copoverity Sphere" stuff.

Aug. 22, 1944 - Sunday (continued)

Today, by the great favor of his Majesty the Emperor we will receive 1/2 bar of crude soap. God knows we need it. Americans all the greatest soap users in the world. By experience it would seem that the Japanese use it least.

One prisoner from Cabaatuan tells us he received a letter from his mother who states that his brother, who is a prisoner in Japan reports that he has received his 24th Red Cross box. We have received 2. We have heard several times that we should be receiving Red Cross aid regularly. But no signs of it. I do not expect anymore Red Cross supplies. The Japs tell us that the Jap Navy will not consent to allowing a ship come into these waters. If we are to receive any for coming Christmas, if last year is any criterion, the material should be leaving states next month. Divine services held this date. Did not attend.

Received Barnacle's letter of Dec. 27/43 this date. It is the first letter he has ever written me. Tells me what I wanted to hear most, that he is doing well at school and getting good marks, and that he had a nice Christmas. Enclosed was a picture of him in his Naval school uniform. He is a fine looking fellow. My greatest ambition is to be a pal and shipmates with him. He looks rugged too. I am

Aug. 22, 1944 - Sunday (continued)

more homesick than ever. Have shown the picture all over camp.

Letter turned over to us by Japs from Schneider at Camp Murphy, reporting shortage in their last delivery of supplies. Our record and check shows the requisition was filled according to req. as received. There is every evidence that it is a rifling job. Just where - hard to say. Could be either a Jap or American job. Med. supplies arrive at destinations very rarely untouched. Checking by our invoice which we always enclose, will reveal shortages but our invoice does not always arrive either. We are making up the med. supply for the Jap draft today. Also learn that the 1st 150 men who arrived from Clarke Field are going to Cabanatuan - not Japan.

Coincidence - one hour after old Mr. Cook died, his son arrived from Nielson Field on a Japan draft from there. Personal effects were turned over to him. Japs are "boresighting" rest of draft this afternoon.

And I'm dam hungry.

Tonight it rains more. Even tho poor as the light is, I have read. I gave up trying to read day or night to save my eyes. (Beri beri optic neuritis) then gradually I return to it what little time I have during the day, but we have such poor

Aug. 20, 1944 - Sunday (continued)

light at night I rarely try it. Tonight I  
de and read. Hawthorne - I appreciate him.  
He was certainly an imaginative creature but so  
strongly influenced by his New England background,  
so impressed by the "witch" psychology of old Salem  
that he couldn't get away from it. I think his  
peculiar religious stirrings did much to make him  
stilted. He seemed afraid of himself. Afraid to  
let go. His "good and evil" element in his writing  
seems injected almost as an apology, a justification  
for indulging in the supernatural. Unafraid, I believe  
he might have cut loose with a memorable series of  
"who done it" thrillers that would have stood out  
for all time. John Greenleaf Whittier - I will always  
enjoy him - Snowbound, memories, Maud Muller, the  
Barefoot Boy, Skipper Ireson's Ride, My Playmate, In  
school days - all old favorites. Real fireside poet  
with something of all poets in him. One can read  
Whittier and find Burns, Sir Thomas More, Emerson  
Q.W. Holmer, Lowell etc. I will always read him  
for his individual appeal in his personal poems.  
I cannot thrill to his abolitionist verse. Such  
things belong to prose not poetry. Even the best  
become mandling.

Aug. 20, 1944 - Sunday (continued)

Died: John C. Spratt, p U.S.A. 19003596  
at 1820 this date. Diag: Burns, 2nd degree.  
(Pneumonia) Born 1918-(25). Next of Kin: sister -  
Mrs. Alma McCain Cottage Grove Oregon. Buried in  
Bilibid. Above case greatly improved after a recent  
transfusion. This morning developed a wet chest  
which passed to rapid phelgmon and died suddently  
this p.m. Case of lung drainage at time of burns.  
Post mortem revealed diffuse pneumonitis with  
diluted heart.

Aug. 21, 1944

Four more letters today. 3 from Marye and one  
from Barnacle. The lad tells me he has just had  
his exams and he believes he has passed all of them.  
Made an attempt to get a care off to him today.  
Swell guy. Says he'll write every week. Several  
of draft have dropped in to pay their respects.  
Question of improving med. supplies at Clarke Field.  
Japanese handle it out there in diblets. All not  
getting them. Wrote up disciplinary cases this morning.  
One case required memo in reference to "jeopardy."  
You just can't deal out regular American justice to  
the sickeningly sweet nicity that it is done when  
the court convenes under the stars and stripes. I  
will admit this is somewhat of a dictatorship. I

Aug. 21, 1944 (continued)

am running here but I pride myself that it is a benevolent one and has for its guiding principle equality for all and the general welfare comes first. Berglon and Walker returned to Corregidor today. I remember Beiglou at Marivales, lived down there in the shack with wild horse Harrington. Last time I saw Beiglou was the day they bombed hell out of us at Marivales on Dec. 24, 1941. Much water has flowed since then. Odds and ends in caring for draft. Major Jackson trying to augment his supplies, chaplains want a mass kit fixed up, men want to interchange to and from draft to Japan. Census at 1983 today. Galley hard pushed. Talked with Kubota about the food situation. I get no argument out of him whatsoever. He knows and admits we are not being fed a sustaining ration, knows and admits they are not paying us enough of our money to buy anything. Only adds that they are trying to get gabi for us. The quartermaster won't give us any more rice. He offers no assurance that improvement can be expected. On the contrary, I am led to believe we can expect it to grow worse. This is no revelation to me. We have been headed downward for a year. The bottom is not yet, bad as it is at present. Everybody is hungry. The sick are doing poorly. Our weights continue to fall. My estimated schedule is working out.

Aug. 21, 1944 (continued)

Something better dam sight break soon now or we will need that big burial plot Nogi has arranged for in Manila.

Cabanatuan draft of 80 arrived at noon. Artman Golenternek, Bernstein among them.

Long afternoon conference with Nogi. Brought up the matter of irregularities in med. supplies as furnished Clarke Field. Very satisfactory. Involved signing for drugs not received etc. Had Dr. Waters in to state the facts etc. Nogi sought to prove or disprove the facts etc. Nogi sought to prove or disprove something by his signed receipts on file but when files were brought he couldn't find them. Had Maj. Jackson in while we went over matters of med. supply for the draft. Had a tough argument putting over the two disciplinary cases but got a conviction in both cases. Essential in these instances. 2 bad boys. Am tired weary and hungry tonight and just don't feel good. Two Americans, (citizens, merchant seamen) of oriental parentage (Chinese and Korean) on draft. Both asking to get off it possible. The Japs make it hard for them. Read a biography of James Russel Lowell. A real scholar and human. Goeternek's version of Hoffe's death places it in the category of plain cold murder.

Aug. 22, 1944 Tuesday - Dawned clear and bright. Latest report from Clarke Field is that the Japanese have told Americans that some will be kept there to run tractors and bull dozers to repair bomb holes on the field between air raids and that they were expecting the attacks in 2 or 3 weeks. Planes arriving at Clarke show American Red Cross boxes being used by Japanese. Spam cans, boxes, etc. among the trash in cleaning out planes. Looks like we are feeding more Japs than Americans. Hungry.

The draft has reshuffled among itself and one Capt. Sampson is the senior officer at present. New Co. officers have been installed. The shuffle can't help but change for the better. This is the worst, undisciplined, disorganized gang we have had to pass thru here. Proper officering will be the answer as always. Census this morning at 1983.

Pleased with progress of Beem, post op, liver abscess case. Doing nicely. That boy wasn't headed the right way 2 wks. ago. Am afraid that Ney, in addition to his amebic infection has T.B. He looks better than he did but he is still a dam sick lad.

Nips are firing Manila anti aircraft batteries this afternoon. They have them set up along the *Luneta*. We can see the bursts. There is something thrilling about the booming of the guns - makes the time seem a little nearer etc. makes one feel he isn't



Aug. 22, 1944 Tuesday (continued)

entirely out of mud and consideration - right back in the old war zone proper again - and *incidentally*, right on the bull's eye in our helpless sort of way but we should be use to that by now. It's all we've known since the war began.

Heard today of another day and night raid on Japan from China based planes. (They are hanging away to beat hell as I write). Details of the raid unknown except that it was sizeable and plenty dropped and we lost 4 planes. <sup>as</sup> Daves still getting our attention.

Slips<sup>ay</sup>ager arrived today for a 2 day <sup>ay</sup> story. Looks to be in good shape. Americans still fighting among themselves on Corregidor: *Cabin* fever etc.

Many visitors from the draft today - some want extra vitamins for personal use, some want to stay here (why, God only knows), everybody has a political axe to grind. This personal favor stuff and individual consideration has been the staff on which so many have *leaned*. I am even approached on the matter of "selling" them medicine. Those get kicked out promptly, altho, I should be more tolerant and considerate of them and remember that most of them have been nurtured in an environment where such practices among our American set ups prevail, in fact, are accepted as the thing to do. Hungry. I can understand now what the booming was

Aug. 22, 1944 - Tuesday (continued)

that I heard several nights and days ago. Anti air batteries at a distance, probably in Bataan. The further away batteries are now putting up a *desultory* fire and I can sense the similarity to that of several days and nights ago.

*Turnipseed* has the sewer open now. He is back on the job after a few days *lay* up from a minor operation. He is a go getter and gets things done. Garbage problem much improved since he has *swung* into action. A good man when he gets going.

Aug. 23, 1944 - Wednesday. Clear bright morning. Sore throat, eyes hurt, fell lousy, Chiefs of service making inspection this morning. However, Wade and I went over the outside satisfactory. We're holding our own. McCracken up and around. Much better. Looks badly, however, Color still not good. Anti air craft batteries still banging away at intervals this morning but I see no bursts. Counted the seconds on yesterday's bursts and they've got to put *em* higher than they are if they expect to do any good. Look, about as *puerile* as our meagre efforts in Dec. of 41. Read some Poe last night and early this morning. The volume I have hardly does justice to him. One of our very few men of literary genius. He suffered by not being *sectional*, provincial, no hometown boosters, no Alma Mater, no

Aug. 23, 1944 - Wednesday (continued)

political affiliations to stick him out in front.

His memory depends upon the literati - real literati -

and there are so few. Census this morning at 2065.

The numbers of mouths to feed mount, but the food

grows less. Clouded up about 4 p.m. and began

to rain. Raining ever since. The guns ceased also.

Spent most of the afternoon in the bunk. Still feel

rough as hell. Something cookin'" up front. Sato

asking of Haines able to go out on a camp detail.

Won't say where. Sato now asking for a break down

on all classes of the population in Bilibid. ( He

gets this info every morning of his life in routine

reports but doesn't seem to know it). Byers asked him

if he (Byers) was going to Japan. Sato said no: He

would stay until "cessation" of the war. This indicates

only what we have been led to believe at all times -

that there will always be a Bilibid. However, these

Japs right now don't know what in the hell to do.

They know they ought to do something but they don't

know what. Sato says he wish he could stay here for

the duration but he can't. We could do worse than

Sato. Would just as leave that he stay with us.

Practically nothing to eat all day. A spoon of

thin watery cassara soup and a spoon of rice. Not

good. Cabanatuan should have <sup>canisters</sup> ~~canisters~~ in two more

months. Their farm still producing well. Egg plant,

Aug. 23, 1944 - Wednesday (continued)

ochre etc. Japs get a lot of it <sup>here's</sup> the camp  
does very well ~~from~~ from all I can learn.

Learned tonight that draft leaves tomorrow. Feed them at 10 a.m., tenko at 11, leave at 12:30. We furnish them evening meal. To do this we will have to issue them 2 rations of rice and advise them to hold half of it. In addition, everybody will get a coconut. Coconuts are our <sup>main</sup> ~~most~~ article of diet at present. We eat them both raw and cooked. Many have a constant diarrhea from eating them but they either eat them or eat nothing. A case of a little coconut going a long ways with some people - and quick, too. 3 years ago today I arrived in Manila, on this cruise.

Aug. 24, 1944 - Thursday. Bright and clear to begin with. "Little summer" is beginning to make itself felt. The old sun heading south across the *line* brings us that little ole furnace feeling again. Slipsager returned to Corregidor this morning. Japs still calibrating their guns against a target-less sky. Five more sacs of mail have arrived.

1:30 p.m. Draft fell in at 11 and are still stretched out between the buildings with all their gear, seeking what little protection may be available in the scanty shadows of the hot ~~shoe~~ buildings. Instead of shoving

Aug. 24, 1944 - Thursday (continued)

off at noon, time was pushed up to 3 p.m. Reason unknown. They were fed at 10 and at noon most of them were eating their remaining ration: Can't blame them. Combining the two doesn't give them one decent meal. Japs have collected all helmets from them even tho it leaves many of them hatless under the broiling sun. This occurred almost immediately after the appearance of Momota, the paymaster. H<sup>r</sup>iano, as usual, was figuring considerably in the deal.

5 p.m. The draft returned. Got as far as Manila Hotel turned around and marched them back. Japs say they will go tomorrow morning. Orders are to feed them at 4 a.m. and get them under way. There is also a question of replacements. The matter of men over 40 which we reminded them of when they first arrived has apparently been brought to their attention by their "own side" as they are now mentioning. However, nothing has been done about it as I write this at 9 p.m. Still some doubt in my mind if they will even leave tomorrow. This SNAFU in the meanwhile is wearing out my galley force.

Situation made more acute when at 6 p.m. they began bringing in 50 patients from a prison ship loaded with Britishers and Dutch. It is a ship which left with the other British load but developed engine trouble and put into Borneo. Arrived here 8 days later and has been<sup>an</sup> lying in Manila Bay for a month still being worked on.

Aug. 24, 1944 - Thursday (continued)

Twenty have died aboard. Every one is sick. These 50 are all dysentery, Beri Beri, Pellagra, Malaria, etc. All have all. Several are in extremis. Some are completely nuts. All are dehydrated. Some will die. God! But they're a horrible mess. That ship stuff is rugged. My force worked beautifully. Handled them coolly and expeditiously. Within 30 min. they were all receiving intravenous fluids and plasma and receiving bed pan care, and much needed M.S. They are all stretched out on the concrete but have gotten the sickest on to mattresses and have provided blankets of a sort. There are some Dutchman among them. Unconfirmed rumor has it that some of our Houston survivors are aboard. I doubt that. This is the most horrible mess we have experienced since the days immediately after the surrender. It has all the cruelty, horror and stupidity of O'Donnell<sup>l</sup>, Pasay, and the opening of this place and 92nd garage on Corregidor, the 3 wks. underground imprisonment after the fall of Corregidor. There are worse things in war than violent bloody death in action. Learn that there are three M.O.'s on the ship, two of them too sick to do much. The other has had to do 3 appendectomies in the ships head. They wouldn't let

Aug. 24, 1944 - Thursday (continued)

him out of the *head* to use the cabin for it.

Just received word the draft will be fed at 3 a.m. instead of 4. Notified the galley. This doesn't mean a dam thing. Even if they do leave it may not be until 7 or 8 a.m. The Japs can't organize nor plan ahead. The conception of a problem as a whole is beyond them. Rain began again about 5 p.m. Now, however, there is a sliver of moon and search lights are sloppily playing over the sky. My night crew reports that they do not see these lights after midnight. Certainly do feel lousy tonight.

Aug. 25, 1944 - Friday. Dawned bright and clear. No sleep for

anybody from 2:30 a.m. on. Draft was assembled and distributed throughout the correspond where they remained until 6:30. Noisy, much shouting, bedlam. "Today declared all day yasame" for us. The usual "hooey." "Japs can't have yasame and

*go* ashore because they are in some kind of an "alert drill condition." Sgt. Maj. Jackson filed a statement and left here with us for action - commendatory eye witness remarks as to Wade's exemplary conduct at the 92nd. Garage immediately after the surrender. I am preparing a forwarding

Aug. 25, 1944 - Friday (continued)

letter to attach and will prosecute it along with the vast accumulation of unfurnished business among my "Filipiniana." They are still calibrating their guns this morning. Bursts look a little higher. We can count some as high as 30,000 ft. but not knowing the distance from here to the gun we can only know that that is the maximum, but may be considerably under it. However they are higher than before. Made rounds of the emergency draft of last night, #16 performed splendidly and passed the word of appreciation and praise this morning. All are still alive this morning, but the morning is young and several of the men are lingering on the line. Census stands at 2113 this morning, cleared up the Houston rumor. Americans are not aboard. Local press reporting our planes expected soon and at such altitudes that non military objective will be struck. Some will, no doubt. I think we, and the Filipinos can well understand that - and still say "Come on Yanks." Our Red Cross Med. stores now begin to show their depletion. I can look down the rows of boxes and realize they are melting. Don't know but what we better go into executive session and rebudget. These Jap directed and formulated requisitions mess us all up.



Aug. 25, 1944 - Friday (continued)

Tieler, Geo., Bombardier, Royal Artillery - 85th anti tank Reg. British Army, died at 11:30 a.m. this date. Dysentery, Amebic, Age 26. Born July 7/19/18. Next of Kin: sister or friend: Mrs. Lillian Greene #37 Wald Rd. Stratford, London. Off uncharge records, 85 antitank reg. R. A. Sidecup, Kent, England. Buried in Bilibid.

Have eaten practically nothing all day. There has been practically nothing to eat. Our recent conferences on food result in nothing but a flat admission on the part of the Japanese that they know the food is low but can do no more about it. We point out wherein and how they can do something about it. Result is negative.

Saw old Chief McKenna with Carey tonight, strangulated femoral hernia. Operated him as emergency. Two men arrived from Corregidor for dental Rx.

Would appear that France is ours for all practical purposes. Rumania out of the ~~f~~<sup>fall</sup>, Bulgaria <sup>and</sup> practically so. However, there are some items in the present news that would indicate the possibility of a longer duration out here than I have been led to believe of late. But - there are also indications that we are more liable to be liberated before the end of the fracas out here. That certainly changes the situation considerably.

Aug. 25, 1944 - Friday (continued)

However, I feel too lousy tonight to figure it out one way or another.

Aug. 26, 1944 - Saturday. Feel some better. Census at 1080. Early morning conference with Kubata. Japanese don't seem to know what in the hell they are going to do with this remaining Clarke Field gang still with us. Trying to get them to let us kill a <sup>brood sow</sup> ~~brood~~-sow who will die any how in the next 2 or 3 days from at she will dress at 30 or 40 lbs. maybe. Skin and bones - The animals - all 76 are starving to death. A pitiful sign and a monument to ignorance and stupidity. Half clear, half overcast and sultry. Our British and Dutch draft still continue critical. Two more expected to die today. Plain murder. Working on a project to replace some of the average work party with the Clarke Field detail.

For the time being at least "Capt. Bly" is with us no more. The draft caught him. He was pretty sick over the idea but he left with them, shined up pig skin puttees<sup>20</sup>, the cheap tacky type we discarded 20 yrs. ago, a shined up newly acquired issue <sup>word</sup> and his leather kit. He didn't like this job. "Capt. Bly" is a good example of a good soldier ruined by promotion - even the prospects of promotion ruined him. His self

Aug. 26, 1944 - Saturday (continued)

importance ate him up. God! but he became a mess in our lives. He would insist on taking and keeping the ship on his shoulders. And we were the goats always. He and Sukahara certainly gave us a rat race. However, experience shows that in this business in any exchange, one swaps a devil for a witch or vice versa.

Permission granted to slaughter the pig. All one will have to do to slaughter that pig will be walk up and slap her in the face. She can't stand up as it is.

Afternoon taken up mostly in financial huddles. A few days ago when arguing about food, I asserted that unless more money was allowed us for use now instead of making us deposit it in their Japanese savings, there would be no use of paying us at all anymore. The paper is practically worthless. They agreed but as usual found it "very difficult" to do anything about it. Their answer, however, came today when they presented a new pay schedule which actually permits field officers, Company officers and chiefs (M.S. quarters) to take away from the pay table an additional 3 pesos. There are two other apparent increases in the next lower rates but it only permits them to add to their personal money by taking it away from their contribution to the

Aug. 26, 1944 - Saturday (continued)

general mess fund. They take it from them and give it back. Other changes are purely "allowance" increases. For instance, the lower rates "may now have in their possession 20 P's instead of 10 but no word as to where they are going to get it. It is a useless pittance tossed as a demonstration but of no value to us in such a negligible amount. In relative terms it can be said that for less than 1/3 of the camp they have increased the value of 2 cocoanuts per month. We are still studying the new order and gathering some other figures in an effort to at least not let this pusillanimous demonstration of face saving do us harm - and it can. Too often, these "improvement" gestures boomerang on us as downright savage throat cutters and throw us for a loss.

Nogi came in about 5 p.m. and we put across a trade in personnel from the Clarke Field draft to the average work party. Nogi is now asking bldg. capacity and present census each bldg. and present census of each. He is coming in tomorrow to "look the situation over." We go thru this repeatedly. We could tell him right now the saturation degree and centers of concentration etc. More stupid lists being asked for.

Aug. 26, 1944 - Saturday (continued)

Another Britisher died today. At 5:30 p.m.

Hickman, Wm. H., p 7677992: organization;  
R.A.O.C. Bin. Ord. Next of Kin - Father 13 Prim Rd.  
Saybrook, Nottingham while our British cases continue  
to die, up in the front office, Kubata has a pile of  
small wooden crosses on which he is painting names and  
death dates, to mark the graves of the 20 odd that  
have died aboard ship and which we have never seen.  
Another horrible episode which cannot be forgotten.

Conference with Chiefs of services tonight  
regarding recommendations for cases for raining like  
hell tonight.

Aug. 28, 1944 - Sunday. Notified twice during night of deaths

among our Britishers. Details below. Night before  
last when I went up to see <sup>McKenna</sup> Makenna as an emergency,  
I wore my "go aheads" and the strap scratched my  
foot. Thought nothing of it. Last night it became  
sore. Applied a <sup>small</sup> dressing. Awoke during the night  
with intense pain in my foot and haven't slept since.  
<sup>Unable</sup> to hear my weight on it. Can't see a dam  
thing around the area however. Have a dressing on it  
but can't get my shoe on. Am going to clear away the  
routine here this morning and get some hot compresses  
on it. Goddam it! Our resistance is so dam low that  
every little ole dam thing mows us down.

Aug. 28, 1944 - Sunday (continued)

The following are a list of names we have been able to obtain from the crosses being made for the dead Britishers from the Prison ship who have been buried in the City Cemetery in Manila: Frank Willis; Frederick Maltby; Wm. F. Rush (11-8-44); A. V. Smith (10-8-44); Rober (?) (Roger?) Salmon; Lewis Keene (8-24-44); Cyrie E. Berry (8-17-44). The figures represent dates of death.

Japanese have ordered that all of our chop marks be inscribed with our names and returned to the Japanese at once. Kubata denies any knowledge as to reason for same. Practically the only reason for having them has been to stamp the deposit book which indicates how much money they have "saved" for us. Every stamping, however, is of no meaning whatsoever since the entries are all made in Japanese and could mean anything. Added to the above list of British dead are: Andrew Kerr; J. E. Day (8-3-44); E. F. Nungent (8-16/44); Richard David (8-14-44); A. H. Newland (8-10-44). 11:00 a.m. - notified by Japs to evacuate casuale from the right of 12 to topside and provide 12 for immediate use. More Britishers? Or what?

Aug. 28, 1944 - Sunday (continued)

In bed with compresses applied. A mess.  
Having the carpenter make a little frame for  
Barnack's picture McKenna doing well  
postoperatively.

Bedside conferences on draft. Probably between  
200-300. We have at this time more actually sick  
and seriously ill people in Bilibid than at any  
one other time in its history.

4:45 p.m. Another Britisher just died. This  
fills our last burial space in our cemetery. Wade  
and had planned to extend the plot down the north wall.  
Nogi today decided that from now on the Japs would  
remove the remains for burial to the Manila Cemetery.  
Nogi went thru today and apparently accepted our  
capacity figures. No comment. I wasn't able to make  
the rounds. Wade was with him. Turned over some  
amebecides to us from the Davao medicine in the  
front store room. God knows we need them. Nogi much  
interested in our "break-down" figures on well personnel  
in Bilibid including staff and technicians.

Divine services held in morning and afternoon.  
Morning services were rained out. Much air activity  
over the city all day.

Aug. 28, 1944 - Sunday (continued)

5:30 p.m. Another Britisher died. Notified Japs and they will "remove him in the morning." Trying to arrange for our chaplains to go out to read a burial service at the cemetery. That will throw a bomb right in the middle of them. Awaiting their answer. In the meanwhile we have designated one room of Bldg. 8 as a morgue.

Partial blackout ordered tonight. Probably more ships coming in tonight. Or maybe just "testo" Data on 4 British soldiers who died in past 24 hours as follows and not recorded here as yet: Wm. Leslie Leach 5955631, put. 5th Bn. Bedfordshire and Hertfordshire Reg. Born Jan 24/17. Next of kin Father, Wm. Benj. Leach, Springfield, N. Orbital Rd., Watford, Hertsfordshire, England. Amebic Dysentery, Malaria, malnutrition, gen. avitaminosis. Buried in Bilibid. Leonard Fletcher, 10549904, put. Brit. Army, R.A.O.C. Born Dec. 28/1921. Next of Kin: Father-Jas. Fletcher 26 London Ave. Ford, Liverpool 21, England. Cerebral Malaria, malnutrition, antiaminois. Buried in Bilibid. James Ashton, pot. Brit. Army, 1st Battin. Manchester Regiment 3529668. Born Mar. 10, 18. Next of Kin Father Thom. Ashton, 20 Cattar St., Salford, Manchester, Lancashire, England. Amebic Dys., Malaria, malnutrition, antaminosis general, buried in Bilibid.



Aug. 28, 1944 - Sunday (continued)

Garrod, John, pot. Brit. Army, 4th Bn., Suffolk  
Reg. 5827825. Born Dec. 19/1917. Next of Kin:  
Wife, Mrs. John Garrod, Hill Cottage, Harkatead,  
Ipswich, Suffolk, England. Amebic Dysentery,  
Beri Beri, Pellagra, Malnutrition. Buried in  
City Cemetery, Manila.

Aug. 28, 1944 - Monday. Rained like hell during the night.

The blackout continued all night with all troops  
in alert condition. Terrible SNAFU. In Spite of  
our previous arrangement with the Japanese,  
wherever a person happened to be when the alert  
sounded, the guards, instead of permitting them to  
go to their respective buildings, herded them at the  
bayonet point into the nearest bldg. and there they  
stayed. Officers and corpsmen on staff were not  
permitted to carry out their ordinary necessary  
hospital details, people were unnecessarily denied  
beds, blankets, nets etc. by being kept away from  
their quarters. Night corpsmen could not get on or  
off duty, Night supervisors could not make rounds,

Aug. 28, 1944 - Monday (continued)

The O.O.D. was hog tied in his building, the galley force couldn't get to the galley and breakfast therefore not out until after 8 this morning. Taking the matter up again this morning but have little hope of remedying the situation much. Patients were not even allowed to go to the head. Wards full of dysentery crap this morning. Disgusting sort of bedlam in its stupid needless childless way.

Our dysentery cases continue to mount. Out of 540 patients on the service, 127 are dysenteries with many more in the suspected and most probably class.

Foot is better this morning but not well. Am up and around but can't get my shoe on. Hunger continues. Coconuts our main article of diet at present. Many do not tolerate them well and diarrheas are very common throughout the camp. Many of our cocoanuts are already sour when we get them. And - not forgetting - there is no toilet paper and dam little of any kind of paper. I still contend we should follow the old Jap custom of tethering at each latrine a nice white goose. While "laid up" yesterday read some Longfellow (whom I still can't rave about but can appreciate in spots) and Oliver Wendel Holmes. The latter was a

Aug. 28, 1944 - Monday (continued)

great guy in his way, b        prose and poetry.

I can understand him as a normal person. Read a biography of Melville and part of his "Moby Dick." It is a strong forceful tale but in spite of his denial, it is too allegorical in nature to be discussed among plain tales of the sea as such. For me it is of value as whaling history. It reads too much like Jonathan and the whale to hold fictional interest.

Conversation with Kubota regarding blackout SNAFU brought forth admission that there had been much misunderstanding and measures to be taken to correct them. Blackout continues tonight and we are endeavoring to have the guard properly informed. Also laboring to get suitable lighting in our dysentery section which is now so hooked up that when blackouts are in order, no light at all in Isolation area. We are prepared to make the change but they are screaming about letting us have the wire altho there is wire available.

They have agreed to let us send a chaplain to the cemetery to read burial services over the dead we now bury outside. A truck has just arrived to remove the remains of the Britishers who died last. It is an open truck and painted on the side in big letters is the sign: Manure Horse Collection for the

Aug. 28, 1944 - Monday (continued)

City of Manila."

Pay day at 3 p.m. This brought up the cloth problem. The Japs offered every officer an opportunity to buy 6 yds at 9.90 the piece. It was to be deducted from deposits in accordance with their written instructions and recent specific agreement in relation to this cloth, and thus would not lessen our money allowance for food. Today, they tell us that we can have only a total of 120 yds - enough for 20 people to have 6 yds. At first, Mamata couldn't do a dam thing about checking against our deposits but wanted pay for the cloth right away. We flatly told them to hell with it, that we didn't want cloth at expense of our food money. Now he agrees to deduct from our deposits. That guy is a stinker l/c.

Aug. 29, 1944 - Tuesday. Overcast, raining at intervals. Full blackout all night. Foot better this a.m. Have my shoe on. Another Britisher died during the night. Barley, Albert - Lance Corporal, Royal Corps of Signals - South Area Signals #2322473 age 34. Next of Kin: Father Albert - #4 Holland's Pl. Maccles field, Cheshire, England. Diag: Dysentery Amebic. Buried in Cemetery in Manila (El Norte) with the others. The garbage truck took these remains

Aug. 29, 1944 - Tuesday (continued)

to the cemetery. An interesting commentary of "Copoverty Sphere" - off they go, a truck half full of garbage, one wooden box containing the last remains of a British s and our chaplain. The probably unimportant question passed thru my mind whether they first delivered the garbage or dumped off the remains. Probably the former because they have to bring the chaplain back. The remains are not buried in a coffin but removed from the box and interred sh in gunny sacks. Two or 3 ft. of water usually stands in the grave. Sometimes, if a bucket is handy it is bailed out. Otherwise no. Best if they tied a rock to the sack like committing them to the deep.

Conference with Wade as we start our supply retrenchment. Went over the figures and planned our approach to the staff. Chaplain Brewster came in with the proposition of collecting a "cigarette Kitty" for the "needy" as they arise. Splendid idea and we feel very much encouraged to see such spirit manifested. Very refreshing to have something constructive from the Chaplain Corps. However, had to open his eyes to reveal angles which had never occurred to him. Have suggested that he handle the project as an informal individual effort rather than

Aug. 29, 1944 - Tuesday (continued)

as a directed activity from this office but to keep us informed we will assist him in every way however.

Garbage removal has never been provided. We are burying regularly. Our only hope of controlling flies. Truck has been in only twice this month. The Japs just can't make the thing click. Our burying is the only solution. We have reduced the garbage-eating considerably. Even eating garbage raw has had to be controlled. We have discussed long and heatedly the need for fly control to prevent disease issued. We receive no effective help. "Very Difficult." Read from O. W. Holmes' "Autocrat at the Breakfast Table" this morning. His "six personalities" involved in a dialogue is well with anybody's reading. Japanese are revising pay of technicians. Increases from 15¢ and 20¢ a day to 20¢ and 25¢ daily. Everything on a dam pusilan shoe string scale. A good round figure sprung on them suddenly would slay em.

Managed to get our Dysentery and locked ward wired last night so that some *light* will be available (with precautions) for carrying on the necessary work. Wade inspection rounds in the crowded dysentery area this morning. Conditions have been

Aug. 29, 1944 - Tuesday (continued)

improved there. The Japs having returned a number of our iron beds we now have most of our seriously ill on beds. A few still remain on deck and the area is crowded but the work is proceeding well and general conditions improved. There are still some very critically ill men among them and I expect more of them to die soon. Visited Ney. He is doing better but in addition to his dysentery he also is tuberculous and has increasing chest fluid. Am continuing his supplementary diet for another month. Visited Crowell. He looks some better I think but still has a dam dangerous lesion - huge carbuncle of the upper lip. For several days a cavernous sinus thrombosis has been feared. I do not think he has it now - but - it isn't hard to imagine him developing one at any time. Visited McKenna. He is doing very well. Still working over the financial situation and trying to work out an equitable spending plan for the month. So many factors are involved which are beyond our control, the major problem being, how to sustain 1080 people on the starvation rations allowed us by Japanese plus the negligible value-less pittance of spending permitted us each month. Being unable to provide an

Aug. 29, 1944 - Tuesday (continued)

adequate diet, the problem resolves into one of seeing to it that the little we have is shared equitably by all. It is a difficult matter and involves so many angles of our prison life. We will continue to do our best, battling both the Japs and our own people. This month I have again had to increase the allowance of our "upper brackets" but have also boosted the lower brackets too. However, not in proportion. But the "political" situation is such that following the Japs "increase" of 5 P's in some brackets, I have to make a demonstration of letting them spend it. I have to admit sometimes that I am not really running this whole show in the last analysis. The Japs are still boss and I have to "guess" them as well as my own people in order to maintain even keep and carry out our mission as WE see it. Took up matter of firewood today. The Japs beat their breast, cry and moan, and insist that 1 kilo per man per day is our allowance. I say we have 5 da. supply - maybe. Japs say 10. I point out that boiling all drinking water, extra dysentery precautions etc. require more than the already too low allowance of 1 kilo per man per day.



Aug. 29, 1944 - Tuesday (continued)

Kubota can see that. The q.m. soldier with the air cooled teeth is trying to work himself out of his chronic oriental t <sup>rance</sup> and grasp the fact also. This <sup>harrowing</sup> ~~harrow~~ goes on everyday, day after day. I'm so dam tired of arguing for a living I sometimes wonder if its worth it. If it were my own welfare only I don't believe I'd bother a hell of a lot about it anymore. That's the way I feel sometimes - just before I get mad - and then Goddam'em I wouldn't let em get me down if I have to stay here ten years more - the yellow sons-a-bitches.

They have been bringing in truckloads of dirt all day and dumping it at various locations throughout the compound. They wouldn't say what for. Finally learn that it is to build revettments behind which the guards will take their stand to repel bombers - to defend Bilibid to the last man - to the last American. It would be very interesting to see what these Taiwan guards would really do when and if such a time should come. There are many who might turn their hat around and act like a Yarn <sup>ice</sup> ,

Blackout routine again tonight. It is so ordered. A bad show day. At noon I had 2 tablespoons of rice and a tablespoon of whistle weeds. Did a little better at 6 but not enough to make up the difference. I must

Aug. 29, 1944 - Tuesday (continued)

weigh myself again tomorrow for the monthly camp record I have kept. My pants are wrapped around me now until they look like an accordion pleated skirt originally made for the fat lady of the circus. If I tried taking a *ref* in them the hip pockets would coalesce.

Aug. 30, 1944 - Wednesday. Lay awake long into the night last

night. Life passed by me a fitfull jerky panorama. There were some parts of the rapidly moving, Kaleidoscopic, chamelionic phantasuragaris of mental cinema to which I would have liked to have held and had tarry with me - others - well, ugh! Saw, relived, and felt things, experiences and emotions that have been last in the madstrom of life tide for many years. Again heard the distant booming for a while during the night. <sup>D</sup>Same rumor has it that we have landed on Mindirao. <sup>D</sup>Same rumor is a tricky gal but never without courteous. No deaths reported during the night. A light shower this morning - brief - bright sky and sun now. The days problems begin with sewage - and garbage. Personal problems to be worked out today. Medical supply conservation still in the fire; draft figures and details. Census at 1074 today. Something has happened to our Corregidor visitors. No dental patients have arrived on the last 2 appointed days.

Aug. 30, 1944 - Wednesday (continued)

A little monkey wrench into our machinery, maybe.

Regular weekly inspection. In general, the north end is definitely below standard. Clinical facilities pretty good but outside supporting installations, a little lousy. These are incident to the fact that we do not have control of the situation en toto. Not all, however. Am working over that Clarke Field gang this morning and starting them on the right track. They need re-indoctrinating. The re<sup>vetments</sup> are going up. Silly looking hillocks<sup>of</sup> dirt. I am more inclined to believe that they mean them for splinter protection for the guards than actual ambuscades<sup>^</sup>. They have learned I guess that fox holes are but wells in Bilibid. Conference with clinical staff in reference to economy in use of supplies. Situation laid before them and accommodations made.

Invited discussion, questioning, and recommendations.

~~Very~~ Very clannish crowd. Mentally lazy.

Aren't considering the matter as they might.

Conference with Capt. Mueller and went over his problems.

Laid down some guiding principles for his detail.

Helped him out some, anyhow. Procured nets, steered him in the way of getting mattresses for his officers, arranged for library privileges, got Nogi to let us

Aug. 30, 1944 - Wednesday (continued)

move them back to the lower deck where it is so much more convenient during the blackouts which are apparently to continue indefinitely. Got him squared away as to how to go about his clothing and shoe needs for his men. Straightened out his "heavy workers chow" problem. We'll round this outfit into some semblance of American organization. He has a good sergeant - <sup>Mc</sup> Alexander, from Kansas.

Began raining about 4:30 p.m.

Read a little today - for the first time in my life I saw some sense to Walt Whitman's "of Grass," the opening "ego" poem - but it isn't really poetry. But I know what he is talking about now. Have tried for years to appreciate him. Never clicked. Am still not enthusiastic. Just understand him. Also read Lincoln's Gettysburg Address and his second Innaugural address. If Lincoln wrote them, Lincoln was capable of excellent expression in the English language. I doubt his real claim to authorship and cannot consider him as a literary figure of the Civil War Period. Read some of Henry Timrod, P.H. Hayne, and Francis Ticknor's "Little Guffen" will always thrill me and tear me.

Aug. 30, 1944 - Wednesday (continued)

"Maryland" and "Blue and The Gray" are mandling  
and messy, like the "Battle Hymn of the Republic."  
I can just see some wild eyed ma            sha  
faced old maid with her him s            back  
tight on her head shouting from a soap box "Mine  
eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord  
etc."

This disposes of James Ryden Randall, Francis  
Miles Finch and Julia Ward Howe, all in a lineup.  
Thomas B. Read's "Sheridan's Ride" is good patriotic  
stuff. Every war produces a certain amount of it.

Received three more letters from Marye today.  
Two of them written in December. One written in March.  
This last is the latest one I have received. Only  
about 5 monthes old. Seems to be it wasn't quite  
as hopeful as the previous ones. Maybe the dope is  
getting back home.

Aug. 31, 1944 - Thursday. Daybrake clear. Days grow hotter. Another  
Britisher died during the night. This brings us up  
to a 15% loss of the last draft to date. Berry, Norman  
Wm. p     . British Army, 5th Royal Norfolk Army, 5777181;  
born Aug. 20, 1916, Felixstowe, Suffolk, England; N.O.K. -  
wife, Margaret Berry, #3 Sautesay Ave. Blackpool  
Lancashire, Eng. Dysentery. Buried ra norte cemetery,  
Manila, P.I.

Aug. 31, 1944 - Thursday (continued)

Routine business of morning - conference with Maas on the garden project. We are raising practically nothing but Tillilium - *Phil.* spinach, and a few ochre and peppers for diet kitchen. The land in the lower compound just won't grow a dam thing, all rocks. We told them that *Camotes* all a loss. Not bearing. Vines are all petered out. We get about a 100 kilos or so every 2 weeks of tillilium. That is our limit. Personal problems involving Casual group and impending draft.

Medical supply to other camps being threshed out with Japanese.

Am much concerned over the increasing edemas of Beri Beri that are bobbing up among the medical staff now. Several times we have been hard pressed by disease. This looks very alarming. Our food grows constantly worse and our medicine and dietary facilities grow less. My estimate of the situation some months ago is working out. This is the last day of Aug. The Yanks would have to be here by September according to my estimate if our chances were to remain favorable.

Christ! But I'm homesick today!

Conference with Mr. Crews on chow. This month has been our lowest month on food eaten since our incarceration. And we certainly show it.

Sept. 1, 1944 - Friday. Bilibid Defenses are now complete. Have small re<sup>settlements</sup> with sod covering at each guard box area. Ha! Now! Bring on the Yanks! One hand grenade and the whole business is out. Dawns clear. Hot days of little summer are with us. Blackouts have become the regular nightly routine. The "Corregidor request" seems to have bogged down. Very hungry. Half Yasame was so dam hungry last night I went to bed before dark to forget it. I was fatigued enough to sleep. Used most of afternoon in personal study of Corpemen. Trying to keep good personal knowledge of each one of them. Conservation of personnel has become an important problem demanding increasing attention. Read some LaMier. LaMier is my conception of a poet. His conception of poetry is mine - or mine is his. A poet has his limitations. Poe & LaMier are very close in their poetic philosophy. Also read some Mark Twain was a sneerer who was afraid to sneer openly. A creature of guile. If only the surface of his work is scanned, it is smilingly benignant. I probably stand alone in this conception. I have never thought of John Hay as a writer. He apparently was. Read a little of him today. Perused a little of Bret Harte. Take off your hat. He rates a bow. Emily Dickenson - her poetry - her life - she was a poet - but nuts - craze as hell - a precoc if there ever was one.

Sept. 2, 1944 - Saturday. Turned in right after dark. Too damn hungry and weak to do much else. About 6 spoonfuls of rice all day and a small cup of watery soup. Kubata came down to see me about 9:00 p.m. to say that a draft of 100 hospital cases must be ready to leave for Cabanatuan by truck at 6 p.m. the following day (which is today.) Machinery set in motion to that end. This morning we receive notice that 300 will arrive at Bilibid from Passay and 200 from Cabanatuan and 200 more from Cabanatuan tomorrow. We had immediate conference with Kubota who could give us no information as to time of arrival of the drafts nor whether we will feed them. They won't issue us any chow for them until they arrive. We have pointed out the galley problem of feeding the outgoing draft early, feeding the general camp, and then feeding the newcomers, explaining that we can plan and organize if they would break down and give us some dope and cooperation. They seem completely at a loss for information or what to do. We will meet the issue, of course, but it could be made so simple and so much easier for all concerned. Took up the matter of more barrells and more word for boiling water for the incoming drafts. He will see the 2 M. However I can see now that he will again report that "It is very difficult to get barrells."



Sept. 2, 1944 - Saturday (continued)

Fortunately our sewer line was opened this morning. Let us hope it remains clear. This breaking up of Pasay is a God send. It is apparent that the end is approaching. This is another Japan draft in the making and to get Pasay cleared out will be wiping out one of the worst hell holes of the war. There should be another 200 out there. These coming in today are classed as "well." The term is quite relative in its use out here and flung around very carelessly.

Rebuilding our special diet kitchen. Had to tear the old one down because it was too near the back wall. Another phase of the "Bilibid Defences."

Much 50 caliber fire and other machine gun bursts in the nearby neighborhoods this morning. Sound like tuning up runs. Local press reports changes in the Philippine constabulary which would appear extremely favorable to our cause. The European western front is encouraging. The Russian progress O.K. Davao still being visited up to the 29th at least. We must not grow too impatient we must just carry on - and be prepared.

A bright clear morning.

Sept. 2, 1944 - Saturday (continued)

Last night - or early this morning - I was half awake on my sleeping platform and clearly it came to me - "Daddy! "Daddy!" It was Barnacle calling to me - and he seemed to be halfway down the barracks from me. I didn't sleep much after that.

The report on my desk before me this morning shows 12 deaths in August. Nine were buried in Bilibid, 3 in Manila. Census at 1073 this morning.

The Bldg 13 group under Capt. Mueller has shaken down very well. Only took a couple days of swinging the ball bat to get em into line. They are no better and no worse than any other group. All they need is leadership. Wood cutting still a problem. Managed to acquire more axes today. Added 4 more cutters. The stuff is tough handling and nothing to work is up with. Trying to bleed a saw out of the Japs. "It is very difficult to get saws and such things."

Mr. Crews requesting that D.O.D. oversee the weighing out of food daily at galley for distribution. Good idea. Will satisfy everyone that each bldg. gets the weight indicated on the daily report sheet. As the rations grow less, more concern arises and everyone more inclined to feel he may be robbed of a calorie. We not only want every man and officer to receive his full ration but we want him also to be

Sept. 2, 1944 - Saturday (continued)

fully satisfied that what he does get is an equitable part of the whole - such as it is.

Have so directed the D.O.D.'s to comply. Still have little individual annoying problems in reference to food issues. Offices of course, in the main. One office can't eat camates out of the main galley but can eat them from the Special Diet Kitchen. Otherwise he is very "sensitive" to them. O.K. we fixed that.

Another officer has been "sensitive to fish every since he was a child." We have 2 or 3 minnow size fish about twice a week - maybe.

Since he can eat it he wants his calories made up in something else. O.K. we satisfy him. By actual figure his fish amounts to an average of 24 calories a ration. We give him 24 calories of ca soup from the Diet Kitchen. Sometimes it is a little more than a wine glass full. Keep em' happy - must be careful and not get knifed over a calorie.

Another galley problem this morning. Reported to me that "cocoanuts can be bought from galley at so much per." Investigated. Preliminary look in indicates that our "grating detail" is slipping it over on us to some extent and making away with a few nuts in spite of our efforts to control the situation. Checking further.

Sept. 2, 1944 - Saturday (continued)

Pasay draft arrived at noon, 330. Not in as bad shape as I expected. About 100 on sick list. Permission granted to hospitalize 34 at once and others as recommended day by day. This is the entire Pasay detail. Greenivan and Merkle with them. Both in good condition. Look like they have been eating well (relatively.) Officers have always fared better than the men out there. As a matter of fact I believe Bilibid is the only place where that doesn't hold to a marked degree. The Cabanatuan draft arrived at 6:30 p.m. About 60 civilians among them. "Hop" Goodall had his politician of the same synagogue in to see us almost before the truck stopped. (Bill Zeitland). Beecher sent his regards. Zeitland is a civilian and the civilian party up there controls much of the money.

Japs (as expected) found it too difficult to supply us a barrell for water boiling. They also found it very difficult to furnish food for this draft. 77 kilo of fish for over a 1000 people plus our regular camp numbering over a thousand.

Our draft did not get away to Cabanatuan. Leave in the morning. An even hundred, since Merkle and Greenman have been included. The average week party are on the Japan draft but not the officers. Very

Sept. 2, 1944 - Saturday (continued)

intriguing set up. Looks like they intend to form a civilian work party here.

Held mast in relation to this cocoanut steal. Our recommending there men for brig sentence. Have done away with the cocoanut workers and now issue the nuts to the buildings direct. Our own system up in the galley wasn't clicking either. Just another one of those little details of the day.

Japs now horsing us to move our shower and wash rock. The old old story - too near the wall.

Short conference with Nogi 10% of all remaining Red Cross supplies to go on this draft. To be ready by Monday. Greenman reports that Japs are saying that a Red Cross ship has come in and much food in the offing. Some question in my mind about that. Reports, however, that Japs are wearing a yellow rain slicker that is marked U.S. Army and delivered in "1944." Interesting.

Nogi says he will submit a typewritten list of some surgical equipment and if any items thereon we need we may have them. Wade and I stopped in the American office and got a look at the sheet in process. It is a report similar to one we had to submit recently. Looking over the items it looks like a list from San Tomas. Suggest they may be breaking up unless we are to be allowed to choose only from the "excess"

Sept. 2, 1944 - Saturday (continued)

column. These are interesting days - fast moving - uncertain - every day bringing new developments - more things upon wherein to speculate and endeavor to anticipate. Considering the situation in the light of our limited knowledge. I guess we must assume that the siege of the Philippines is on. I still have doubts of fighting in Luzon and Manila, but not as many as I once had. But bombings are certainly sure to come. Japanese air force in Luzon must be neutralized at least, and the shipping assailed. There is every reason to believe that damn little comes in or goes out anymore as it is. We are sitting right on the target. The Japs know that too and are taking advantage of it, in hopes that our presence here will protect them. We do not believe that this will deter our forces from doing what is necessary for the cause of an American Victory, and all of us are hoping that is the way they feel. We are quite willing to stand the guff and daily look up into the sky and pray that today may be the day. We won't be in any fox holes. We will be herded into these red barracks, buildings of drab structure. We will again hug the concrete deck and pray like.

Dec. 29, 1942 - but this time - it won't be so bad. We will welcome it.

Come on Yanks! Give us hell!

Sept. 2, 1944 - Saturday (continued)

Tonight I have had one of the pleasantest moments of the war for me. Often I have tried to learn what became of young Watkins from Oklahoma. A fine, wholesome kid, Sgt. in the air corps. I looked for him all of Christmas day '42 when our air was arriving in Bataan after evacuating Nichol's Field. I rode up and down that long mountain road over which they were strung out, hoping I might by chance see him. Later I heard of him with a Provisional Regiment at Orion and he was there on the front line at the breakthru. I have never been able to hear of him since then although I have tried often. Tonight, I was sitting here in blackout and a member of the recently arrived draft from Port area asked to see me. In the dark I did not recognize him at first and then he told me - "I'm Watkins." Dam! But I was glad to see him. The question that has continually arisen in my mind was answered. He had made it. We talked for an hour. I had some gummy residue of an old can of Red Cross soluble coffee and we managed to make up two cups of something hot and black - I won't call it coffee - but it was something over which to discuss the next moves of our captors. Looks more and more as tho we may get out of here before the war is over - we hope!

Sept. 2, 1944 - Saturday (continued)

Corpsman Crowell is now out of danger. He is dam lucky.

Sept. 3, 1944 - Sunday. Divine services as usual. Very busy

with matters of draft. Company Captain's reporting in this morning. Maj. Ralston (MC) U.S.A. payed a visit. He is not a part of Japan draft, <sup>but</sup> ~~but~~ brought here from Cabanatuan for "some other detail."

The "Rod" test today on draftees. Nogi inspecting our S.I. <sup>2</sup> group. The Japs still don't understand their own S.I. <sup>2</sup> designation. Reports from Cabanatuan <sup>a man</sup> are to the effect that the place is to be cleaned

out this month. The new Jap major up there is riding herd on them and served notice that if the Americans couldn't run that place, he could.

Busy until late last night over draft details. At

0400, died, Hall, Cecil Victor, Lance Corporal,

British Army, 2nd. Cambridgeshire Army. Ser. #5933730

Born: Parson's Drove, Cambridgeshire, England, July 7/19.

Nok Father - Arthur Hall, 8 Sealey's Lane, Parson's

Grove, Cambridgeshire, Eng. Amebic Dysentery. Pellagra,

Beri Beri - malnutrition. Buried at El Norte Cemetery,

Manila.



Sept. 3, 1944 - Sunday (continued)

Harranging with Japanese most of day. They are all snafu as usual on their draft figures. Not paying much attention to S.I.Q cases. They go any how. Civilians plainly under way also. Everybody who can creep or crawl. Present status of our population after this draft leaves will be sick in hospital patients, medical staff and technicians. We will be dam lucky to find a woodchopper. No provision being made for routine work details.

Raining this afternoon.

Took up matter of restoring Army Medical <sup>put</sup> to medical pay status which has not been observed since he left Bilibid over year ago. Requested Pathology Examination and X-ray therapy on a lip carcinoma. Tried to get my three disciplinary cases before Nogi today. He is too confused by draft activity to attend to routine affairs. Still hungry. I am always hungry. Conference with Hansen on store situation and finances relative to drafts and our own business. Investigated case of defrauding by using another man's account while said man was in brig. Reports are that most of camp pleased at purchasing power allotted this month. I thought it wise to boost everybody a little.

Sept. 3, 1944 - Sunday (continued)

The financial situation and state of trade will change much during this month owing to no working party. Intracamp money values show full and this should favor our policy of distribution to some extent. Our local press contact will probably be last - temporarily at least. Cabanatuan draft arrived about 7 p.m. Ferguson among them. Got his baggage cared for, took him over to Willie's and we poured him some coffee to eat with his mess kit full of day old cold rice. Came down to quarters and talked a while and provided him a bunk in #4 for the night. Looks as though Cavanatnan was being put in order as an officers' camp. If so, I imagine only the older officers will remain. Troop movements to the north suggest further that the Japs will elect to defend the North of Luzon. Europe has apparently become a rat race all in our favor.

Sept. 4, 1944 - Monday. Labor Day. Wave the flag. Started off the day with a hot <sup>ru</sup>hangue with Kubota to convince him that as a matter of principle and for the sake of law and order, regardless of whether it is "difficult" or not one Sgt. Broski was due to go in the brig and I wanted him there right now. He went. But I had one hell of a time swinging it. Dieder was in about

Sept. 4, 1944 - Monday (continued)

his supplies this morning. Japs all messed up on the draft. They are hitting for 1050 and the number already down to 980 last night with 24 more recommended by us for the sick list. All this results from their lack of foresight (as usual) and their inability to see that when you increase your "sicks" you correspondingly decrease your "wells." We have tried to explain the situation on several occasions. No use. Nogi refused last night to allow us to admit anymore to the sick list, but - he is to see them today. It is most likely we will get them eventually. Worked most of morning on my monthly sanitary report.

Afternoon conference with Deder on his draft problems. Called him to Nogi's conference and presented his requests for him. Made very little headway. May get something out of it. Trying to get some emergency surgical supplies for the Japan voyage. Also Deder wants a dental officer attached. Have one available for him. There are also dental supplies in the Davao boxes. Nogi considering this last - but - Nogi finally agreed to let us admit 27 more cases to hospital from the draft. The draft has been delayed. For how long we do not know. Have held up all company formation. They apparently are to be divided as to estimate destination anyhow. Another day of starvation.

Sept. 4, 1944 - Monday (continued)

Blackouts continue as routine every night. At least they are saving a hell of a lot on electric power. But the Yanks won't come at night. Provided sweaters, heavy underwear, mittens and heavy caps (Red Cross) as far as our supply lasted, to Japan draft. They might as well have them as any body else.

Latest flashes would have us believe the European collapse complete. We even hear such terms as "Occupation Army," etc.

Sept. 5, 1944 - Tuesday. The dawns these days are riots of color - studies in warm and cold from Payne's Grey thru the gammit of the rainbow. I have seen a steeley-blue night sky with a persistent half golden mood in the west, and a roseate pink radiant orange and bright gold and flaming silver in a background of violet of a broad daylight sky of early morning in the east, all at the same time - and between them, overhead, just a vast void of the bluest dam blue you can imagine - the deep blue that takes your gaze into infinity the blue that is infinity.

A lone plane *droned* and moaned over us just over his for about an hour after we turned in last night. Sounded and acted like a stranger trying to find his field and they wouldn't give him a blinker. Black as hell all over last night. One could get lost

Sept. 5, 1944 - Tuesday (continued)

even if not a stranger. Of course, our one P-40 raid over Ni<sup>chula</sup> was accomplished by coming over and blinking our lights, and the field lit up to receive friendly planes - and our 3 P-40's let go. Apparently the Japs weren't doing any more field fighting on general request. Of course that P-40 raid was in April 1942. Long time ago. Everyone should have forgotten by now.

Capt. Jones (Farmer Jones) dropped in to pay his respects and having been made Adjutant for the present draft in #13, offers us his whole hearted cooperation and asks for any instructions we have to offer. Jones will order the gang out O.K. We are having no trouble with the present draft. Shaping up O.K. Capt. Gilbert isn't very forceful but he has turned it over to Jones and it is O.K. Conference with Hanson, King, & Crews. Japs slug a monkey wrench into our food fund allowance money by reducing our contributions by several officers (Sp. p ). Stupid business. However, got ironed out. The disposal of  $\frac{1}{2}$  sack of beans involved. Sounds like a little detail but - it is really of serious importance in the economy if our life here. Have written all morning on the monthly sanitary report.

Sept. 5, 1944 - Tuesday (continued)

Sgt. Davis again endeavoring to remain with his brother who is now on Japan draft again. The Japs allowed his brother (Sgt.) to remain here last time. Talked to Kubata for him last night. Kubata not very encouraging about it but will take up the matter. We have had several instances where brothers have been permitted to remain together. Nothauser, a German citizen, civilian, who has been in Bilibid for several years, has been excluded from the draft to Japan. I have always watched Nothauser. Plays both ends against the middle I think. There is such a thing as a man having no allegiance - being too cosmopolitan - except for his own good.

Sept. 6, 1944 - Wednesday. Clear, cool and bright. This is the most pleasant season of the year in Manila. Between the constant rains and constant droughts. They call it "second summer." Read a little of . Deane Howells this morning before marking lugao and some of Henry James. The latter's style, in small doses is a relief. I wonder if he hasn't had more influence upon our present than our close up picture lets us realize at this time. My foot pains have returned. Last several days have been rugged. No motor disturbance as yet, except fatigue of dorsiflexors.

Sept. 6, 1944 - Wednesday (continued)

Again we are jockeyed into a position where in we are helpless. All of our chap marks have been collected from us. These are now in Jap hands and of course can be used ad lib by them as tho by us and we need never know what the hell we are subscribing to. Of course, this isn't much worse than chopping Jap writing we can't read anyhow. This, and signing receipts without seeing stuff "received" and the like, has characterized our entire relations.

*San Tan*  
Completed ~~San~~ report this a.m.

Japs just issued directive restoring Bldg. 1, 2, 3 to us as Hospital wards. Getting organized as to personnel and will have patients in there by 2 p.m. today. Look for an influx of patients soon - maybe by night. Its the Oriental way. No definite word on draft but it is probably calling as clothes are to be issued today. As it stands now, the Japs are showing figures of 1004 on draft, but when you exclude our admitted cases to hospital, the real figure is 972: Quite short of their 1050 figure they had in mind.

Putting Barrett in charge of #3. He is too good a man to waste over there in s.o. 2 now that that section has settled down again. Local press reputed to be headlining the "Indiscriminating Bombing" of Philippines. That Davao attack must be getting into them. Luchbeilu finished framing <sup>*Barrett's*</sup> ~~Barrett's~~ picture in leather. ~~Swell~~ <sup>*Swell*</sup> job. Very proud of it. On writing <sup>*San Tan*</sup> ~~san~~ report today I <sup>*note*</sup> ~~note~~ that during August we have eaten less than 1500 calories per day and of that amount 71.61% was carbohydrate, 8.79% prot. and 19.43% fat. Our rice allowance was supposed to be 400 grms. a day. We have received 279.93 grms.



Sept. 6, 1944 - Wednesday (continued)

of rice, 115.51 grms. of taro (most of it rotten) and 21.73 grms. cocanut. This latter amounts to one cocanut for every 3 people. A rugged month. Hungry all the time. Argument and hanangue gets nowhere. The old old story of Oriental fatalism as opposed to Occidental cynicism and Yankee doggedness to overcome and fight fate.

Keltz and one St. Marshall of Army Medical Corps came in from Las Pinos yesterday and have been taken up by us as well personnel in #18. Ralston left here to relieve them at 1530 yesterday. Looks to me like Keltz has talked himself out of a detail he had gotten a belly full of. Another Bronx-Indian with all the stigmata. Five other patients arrived from Las Pinos also.

Food truck poor as usual. Have some fish on the smelly side which must be salvaged at once so we are cooking all night and eating them first thing in morning.

Sept. 7, 1944 - Thursday. Somewhat overcast. Light showers during night. Occupied with numerous routine details this morning, squaring away difficulties in front office with Japs, keeping Capt. Gilbert to get his rank conscious officer (Coughlin) lined up and properly oriented, medical supply matters for Deder, increased ration allowance for galley workers etc. Looked in on #3. Getting organized over there very well. The new diet kitchen now almost ready for functioning. Found King in there working as usual, a splendid man. I note this a.m. that all chop marks have been returned to Sweizer for keeping. The paymaster turned them over wonder to what use they have been put. Port area admission this morning. Very little to add to our present



Sept. 7, 1944 - Thursday (continued)

knowledge of the situation as a whole.

Company formation of draft under way this morning. Present Bilibid Census breaks down into: S.I.H. patients 465; well cripples 23; S.I.2 17; Brig prisoners, well 2; hospital staff well 169; Bil. technicians 28; well personnel, Bilibid, not draft 54; outgoing Japan draft 974. Total camp census 1732. Read brief biographical sketch of Henry Adams before rice this a.m. His "Education of Henry Adams" worth reading. Henry was distinctly unhappy. What Henry just couldn't get thru his head was that you can't know everything and a life devoted to education just to accumulate fact is as barren as an illiterate existence. And can certainly be more disturbing. Henry was a poor victim of his ancestors and environment. Read a brief summary of the early 20th century literature and its cradling soil. Too close up for full understanding.

Short conference with Nogi and Kubota in late afternoon, of little consequence. <sup>L</sup>St. Davis to be added to the draft - probably Nogi can't see importance in immediate attention to the suspected malignant lip lesion we have requested examined by frozen section at P9.M and appropriate X-ray Rx given. Nogi always figures to better advantage as a doctor when he doesn't attempt to make decisions on his own hook. His experience with and knowledge of cancer and the world concept toward same are slightly less than those of our average hospital corpsmen.

Sept. 7, 1944 - Thursday (continued)

Personal bickering and dissatisfaction among officers of the draft continue to filter in to my office, but I refuse to have anything to do with officers' professional and personal ~~Cattinero~~ ~~Cattinero's~~ and wounded ego etc. There are so many more important things, needing our constant waking consideration. However, where my prerogatives permit, the senior officer in charge of that draft is the senior officer and for all purposes as far as we are concerned he will be considered so and we will back him to the limit in principle and act. There is too darn much of this political clique business rearing its ugly head in most of these transient drafts passing thru here. There is only one cure for mutiny and that is to recognize it early and let it die "<sup>aborning</sup>" or commit infanticide. But that's Gilbert's job - not mine - The Army should wash their own dirty linen. Coughlin came in to see me tonight and told his side. The lad is named correctly. The only thing left off is the "Father." Black as hell tonight. These blackouts on moonless nights can be really black. But to no end. The Japs proceed to black out Manila and then turn out a dozen search lights and work them overhead all night. Just like coming in on a beam if the Yank wanted to.

Sept. 8, 1944. Kids are back at school or thinking about it.

Again this morning for the second consecutive morning many planes took off just before dawn. Much roaring and several very low over us this morning. Almost on the roof. They headed south.

Many draft changes still pending. Moved the non draft personnel under Capt. Mueller into Bldg. #1 this morning. Nips decreed "full

Sept. 8, 1944 (continued)

yasame." The semanal joke of Bilibid. More bad news - merchant unable to procure any beans for us. Maybe later - we hope. We are just about down to being entirely dependant upon the Japanese for all our food. That, By God, is bad! Our main article of sustenance at present - cocoanuts. Just about all, with a dam pittance of rice. Some corn has reappeared in the store room. Now we'll have the old problem of how we can handle it with our cooking facilities.

Read a little of Joel Chandler Harris this a.m. His Burr Rabbit stories are one of Americas real literary gifts to posterity.

Sept. 9, 1944 Saturday. Thundered and lightened and rained most of the night. Dawn was a riot of color. The air activity of last two mornings was not a feature of today's daybreak. Japan draft (well) now stands at 967. Going down camp census at 1733. Still no clothing issued to draft. The Q.M. won't issue that until he is reasonably sure the "flux" is over. We have been completely isolated from current news for over a week. We should be getting some kind of a break soon. Consider this a bad time not to be "cut in." Very difficult. They have labored long and hard to completely isolate us. They have never succeeded for long - in spots, yes. Dawn reading - James Whitecomb Riley, the hoosier poet and Hawlin Garland. I wonder why I havn't heard more of Garland before?

Sept. 9, 1944 Saturday (continued)

Capt. Gilbert dropped in just to report all O.K. with his detail. We took up the matter with Kubota and Nogi yesterday as to how and when Gilbert's draft would get their money which the Japs collected with the idea of cashing it in yen but "changed their mind." They were semi committal on the subject but Gilbert tells us this morning that he has been notified that the money will be converted and turned over to them here. In general conversation, we again heard from Gilbert, as we have always heard from Cabanatuan, about Field officers receiving such special privileges at the expense of Co. officers and so on down the scale. We have never been able to understand that attitude. Wade and I have the greatest respect for rank. But we cannot forget that rank has its obligations as well as privileges and we believe RHIP can also mean "Rank has its place vice privileges, and a #1 obligation is care of his officers and men. Furthermore, it is the Co. officer and enlisted man who are bearing the heaviest brunt of this prisoner existence in the hands of the Japanese. It seems to us that the laborer and these receiving least consideration by our captors <sup>as</sup> ~~is~~ in greater need of consideration by us in order to balance the unhappiness of our present predicament. Here at Bilibid we have taken this attitude from the beginning of our regime Oct 1/43. It has not been entirely popular but they have to admit it is just.

Sept. 9, 1944 Saturday (continued)

On the other hand, while we will always hear of field officers receiving more privileges at expense of others, we will never hear the corollary - the story from the low side - an acknowledgement by the men and the company officer that they are being aided by the higher rank. There is a reason for that - because the Company officers and the enlisted man know that the Field officers make concessions to the lower man's comfort and care because we bludgeon them into it at Bilibid. However, we who fight continually to help the little man receive no more help and cooperation from the ones we help than from the recalcitrant rank. Human nature! When the basic primal urge of survival is in the saddle - if there is some quotation that translates Kipling's "Judy Ogrady" to the male side of the human race, I would quote it here, if I could recall it.

Keltz, who was placed on the draft vice Peters (Amebic dysentery) has now been removed. Japs imply that Keltz must go to Cabanatuan. Think this is part of the general snafu that always exist between Japs at Cabanatuan and Bilibid. No two Jap units can get together on any movement. Caching again today.

Entre las horas de y de los dos he leído "El en Filipinos" por Guillermo Gormez, y publicado en "La Literatura debajo de la mancomunidad" por La asociación de Escritores Filipinos 1940. Escrito en capatzen, discute el etraducido recientemente para los que prieden leer togolog salamente.

Nogi in this p.m. and today I think we have had the cheapest meanest foul hoax thrown into us that we have experienced. Nogi returns 5 bottles in cartons which we recently sent out in a requisition some time ago (Aug. 18). They originally contained sulfathiazole.



Sept. 9, 1944 Saturday (continued)

According to Nogi when they arrived at their destination they were as now - I examined them and in 3 cartons were empty bottles in two cartons were stuffed two packages of a patent medicine (peppervzma - midi). Our answer to that is, that our filled requisition was invoiced by sight - every battle - particularly so with sufa drugs. More over, we have no record of ever having any of the patented preparation stuffed into the two cartons. Nevertheless, Nogi insists on us supplying another 5000 tablets at once. Naturally, we did. Later, Kuboda mentions that the drugs went to a ship in the harbor containing British prisoners. If that is the case, the ship is still down there or <sup>else</sup> less they are receiving 5000 more tablets for their own use. A clumsy crummy trick. So awkwardly performed. So brazenly vandalistic. Organized vandalism in one horse time "is the outstanding characteristic. This particular requisition sat up front unopened for nearly 2 weeks before it was delivered outside.

Mamata insisted on having one of our private lockers yesterday. He came back today for another one. I explained to Kubata that they were personal property of officers and men now here. Kubota directed I give Momata one belonging to some one who had died or had gone to Japan. We are complying but I think our objective attitude will serve to stay more of this business would like to feel that Mamote was leaving - but no such luck as that. That son of a bitch is around our neck like an albatross. God! But I'm sick of these stinking little annoying inferiors!

Sept. 9, 1944 Saturday (continued)

At exactly 5:10 p.m. the air warning siren sounded. The usual snafu excitement prevails. Guards all have fixed bayonets; headquarters guards have arrived and are moving in lock stock and barrel into Bldg. 13 (already over crowded with draft); we are all herded into buildings. Buildings officers have been taken to their respective buildings. We have just been tenko-ed. Don't know whether this is a dummy run or not. Hope not.

Sept. 10, 1944 Sunday. Turned in at dark to get under a net and away from mosquitoes. Alert continued all night. No searchlights. Several dull far away thuds heard (or felt) - could have been Clarke Field - no plane activity during night except an occasional lone drone. Last plane activity of the day was 16 light planes headed northwest. About 2:00 a.m. tanks began passing - roaring and clanking - continued until about 4:00 a.m. Alert conditions still on this morning as far as guards and lookouts are concerned but we are allowed out and business as usual up to this time 8:30 a.m. Early morning reading - Mary E. Wilkins Freeman. I wonder if Doris isn't booked up with this gal in some way. Must question her. I intend to read more of this woman. Her substance, style and vocabulary match so well. Like proper music to proper words. Stephen Crane - had the right spirit and good technician never have read his "Maggie." Know him only thru "Red Badge of Courage." However, he was a side line reporter first and last. Personally, he experienced comparatively little. Edwin Markham - one verse guy. His "Man with a Hoe" is immortal. One of the best things in American verse. Wm. Vaughn Moody.

Sept. 10, 1944 Sunday (continued)

Can't understand why he should be mentioned at all in American letters. Wm. Sydney Porter - Ellis, Pound, & Spahn miss him a mile. Any one who fails so utterly to miss the depth and seriousness in O. Henry have no place in the field of selective criticism in literature. This failure has decided for me that I do not care to have their volume on my shelf. Couldn't trust them. Edith Wharton - clever woman. I am interested in her "Descent of Man" - "House of Mirth."

One Bremer, <sup>per</sup> ~~per~~ U.S.A., member of draft caught ~~at~~ theft of haversack, shirt, cocoanuts et al. Recommended by Capt. Jones for brig detention. Got him incarcerated pending hearing tomorrow. This not only to control his further depredations but also for his own protection. By the time we got him ensconced in the brig he had been worked over considerably. The best thing, probably, would have been to leave him up there in 13.

No "secure" sounded during today. We continue in a half assed state of alert. However, I guess we can safely assume that this is the "real McCoy." Japs in city are annoyed. *Quayson Blvd.* cleared of people and guarded, heavily as a truck convoy passed north ward. A blue flag has replaced the red and white one which usually flies during previous so called alerts. Someone suggests the blue flag means " - and no shit!" Observers report that when Sato called headquarters after the siren sounded yesterday, he became so wildly excited he didn't know whether to crap or draw small stores. I guess something has happened. The sooner the quicker! Divine services as usual.



Sept. 11, 1944 Monday. Raining - a slow steady straight down pour. There was more movement of heavy stuff thru the streets last night. Many planes at daybreak. Six heavy explosive thuds to the East about bango time last night.

About 10:00 a.m. two long blasts on the air raid siren. Ascertained from the Japs that it was "secure." For a brief moment before I got the word I experienced a little thrill. Most of us did I think. It was the right time of day to expect something. An alert lasting a day and two nights should have meant something. Am surprised at the little speculation aroused by this alert period. Guess most <sup>folks</sup> ~~folks~~ have reached the "Wolf! Wolf! stage.

Had Goodall bring in <sup>Weisblatt</sup> and Shaw and settle this dam personality clash. Shaw became obstructive and I threw him out of the office. Have served notice on him that the next time he jumps over the traces I'll build a fence around him. And I sure as hell mean it. Served notice on Weisblatt likewise. Weisblatt admits wrong done. Offers to play ball. Both understand that Goodall is boss up there. Such a childish god dam squabble for so much hell to evolve. Children bad! Papa raised hell!

Made overtures to Kubota this morning in an effort to keep Ferguson here. May work. I hope. I can sure as hell use him.

Japs now indicate that draft may not move for another week or ten days. As usual, some <sup>folks</sup> ~~folks~~ believe they will never go to Japan. Of course, we always wonder when the time will come that a draft doesn't get away. We expect that one of these days but when? (<sup>quien</sup> sabe?)

Sept. 11, 1944 Monday (continued)

It develops that the paymaster Mamata is really going. That son of a bitch will get out of here and I never will have the chance to slit his throat. I have had my eye on his sword as my one trophy of the war. Understand we are getting the <sup>Cabanatuan</sup> ~~Cabac-a-man~~ paymaster and we are gaining in the deal. Talked with Ferguson about him. Reports would indicate an improvement over our present p - r - i - c - k, prince.

Japs working like hell all afternoon in the rain building a stone and sod revetment in front of the main guardhouse. Gawd only knows what for. We certainly havn't any where with all to rush them, and if the Yanks come, one half of a hand gernade would clean the place out, and God knows one of our block buster bombs isn't going to experience any determent of function by that 10¢ engineering feat across the way from us. I think I am about ready to suggest that the best protection they can offer the entire camp, and be in accord with all rules of land warfare, (if they are interested) would be to install the biggest goddam electric lights they can find on top of these buildings and illuminate the red crosses thereon. Raining like hell.

Some member of the draft <sup>killed</sup> ~~to~~ our last adult <sup>cat</sup> ~~ert~~ last night. Have 3 scrawny kittens left. Our two other larger cats were killed on the wall wire. Theodore Dreiser and Sherwood Anderson in early morning reading. I don't know. I must think about them a little more. They are very close to the present scene.

Sept. 11, 1944 Monday (continued)

A tiny sliver oozed in from the outside. "It is the real McCoy - and close, too." In the city, military guards are on every corner. Movements of citizens about the streets are by military pass. Jap guards have been issued their iron hats today. Makes a guy wonder "how close?" Blackout continues but no alert status.

I watched the little guys working their shelter this afternoon. Had several prisoners working with them. They are a destructive predatory race by nature. They destroy with no sense of destruction. Have torn down our stone embankment which has held up a dump area for years, in order to build this useless ~~re-entrance~~ <sup>re-entrance</sup>. They have completely demolished the top floor of Bldg. 13 - everytime they want a board, piece of tin, some nails, they go up to that building and tear it out. They insisted on using our canvas stretchers to carry rock and mud in their building today. I argued with Kuboda against it, pointing out that it was needless destruction of stretchers which are intended for other necessary purposes, that there were wheel barrows and boxes available for rocks and mud etc. He called the guard house and expalined the situation but they didn't pay any mind. They work like a bunch of rats and destroy, carry off, pilfer, mess up are like rats - and construct and produce absolutely nothing. A little bird reports tonight - "recent naval action only 260 miles off our coast" - also "newspaper would tell you nothing but that Germans are fighting Germans - not much other fighting." Looks like it will rain all night.

Sept. 12, 1944 Tuesday. Overcast but not raining, got rid of it all during night. Cold and damp all night. Merchant finally got in late yesterday but had nothing for us. Unable to find anything. Very difficult to get around - and he, a Jap. Looks darn serious. Begin to wonder if we are to be able to get anything from outside. Have long awaited and expected the time when our one mainstay and hope - mongo beans - would be no more.

At exactly 10:30 a.m. the old siren wailed again. This time there seemed to be more pull on the string - it was louder, whinier and more menacing - maybe my imagination - however the Nips took it more seriously than before. Everybody herded in - chop chop comes Coxey's army from headquarters, all the wooden shutters on the buildings closed. About 30 minutes later, we were moving about the compound on business - one by one shutters get pushed open. We are rocking along now at 12:30 p.m. in that semi state of knowing something is doing but not knowing what - hoping - and the Japs - well, not hoping anyhow. This frequent alarm stuff will either wear em out or make them indifferent. A person even stays scared only so long and then wishes whatever threatens, will come and get him. Corn is back in our diet. Couldn't go it today at noon. Horrible tasting stuff. Rather go hungry - for today. I'll eat it tomorrow. I've gone thru this program before. There comes a time when the little ole inner man says "Gimme" - and you eat it!

Sept. 12, 1944 Tuesday (continued)

At 12:30 p.m., Kubata, thru Kentner, asks for a complete inventory of all medical and surgical supplies and instruments on hand here in Bilibid as of this date, and indicate its source - Red Cross, Japanese, etc. It is second nature to always attempt to rationalize such directives as to reason and purpose of such. The Japs never tell us, altho we have repeatedly pointed out that we can often be of greater help to them if they would be more communicative. However, they can't see that. Too highly defensive and praecox in make up to lay any cards full up on the table. There are times, more explanatory direction would help us, that is true, but so often it couldn't make a dam bit of difference if they came out cold turkey with what they want to know and it would save a hell of a lot of useless beating around the bush and extra labor. Come on Yanks! Lay a stick down close enough to give em something to really worry about. My first thought and surmise about this survey request is that Nogi is also getting out of here and is about to turn over to somebody. I had this idea once before, and was wrong, but I'm not so sure but what Nogi himself believed he was leaving at that time. We shall see. 2:00 p.m. - talked with Kubata to get clearly decided what was wanted in this report. Boils down to complete survey of the med. material on hand at present, from all sources. Kubota let it out that there would be "some sort of an inspection in a few days and Dr. Nogi would need to have the information." Several possibilities. Nogi leaving? - prison admin. folding up and turning us back to the military proper? - a move, en toto? - or nothing more than just another regime? another inspection?

Sept. 12, 1944 Tuesday (continued)

This morning's literary hour - Geo. Edward Woodberry - his "Aesthetic criticism" I can appreciate - Every man his own poet, his own artist etc. Fully endorse his closing remarks where he holds no brief for leisure for the worker per se, but only that leisure will provide the time, and well, and should be used to develop the aesthetic, spiritual side as differentiated from the material self of our work day world. Edwin Arlington Robinson - I believe he was a poet. I like "Flammande," "Credo" "George Crabbe," "Richard Cary." - Robert Frost. For the first time I appreciate him in his limited sphere - "Mending wall" "The death of the Hired Man" "A Time to Talk" "Two looks at Two." Edgan lee Masters - spoon anthology - o.k. His direct, unpoetry with aural surprise is intriguing. Vachal Lindsay - only "the Congo" as far as I am concerned. Vachel sort of a manic soul - nuts - a mountebank. "The Congo" remains to me only as I first heard it in the West Indies. Carl Sandburg - I am not convinced of his sincerity by any means. Sensationalist exhibitionists - a language clown. He tries hard to draw attention and hold it - revels in ultraism Whitman influence too evident. He out-Whitman's. Whitman in wanting to be different. Note: "The husky, rusty, russel of the tassels of the corn, And the raspin' of the tangled leaves, as golden as the morn;" from James Whitcomb Riley's "when the Frost is on the pumpkin." Quoted here as a beautiful example of onomopoesia. Equals Poe's "Bells."

Sept. 12, 1944 Tuesday (continued)

4:00 p.m. - The Calvocat Motor Pool Detail with Dr. Goodman, arrived with all their gear. Suddenly cleaned them out. Indications are that they will join the Japan draft, still with us.

5:00 p.m. - The Port Area detail (Bachrach) with Bill Donovan arrived. Total of 100 - one admitted to hospital. These men are all in good shape. Have been eating well.

We worked until 7 p.m. inventorying medicines. Japs very careful to have us *separate* Jap medicine from our Red Cross medicine. It always seems so asinine to do this. The Jap medicine supplied always looks like 10¢ worth of cheap junk tied up in a string as compared to real stuff and quantity the American Red Cross presents. From the recent emphasis laid on Jap supplied medicine and equipment as differentiated from Red Cross I wouldn't be at all surprised to see the Japs pick up their own marbles one of these days - soon. It is to be remembered that the vast majority of the so called Jap issue items are really American supplies - Japs only by conquest. Very very little of anything really Japanese a rarity - and lousy - always a substitute - imitation. I use to consider them good imitations. I have learned that they are not even that. Only apparently so. They can make something look like but not be like an original. Their great national tragedy is that they really believe they are a great people. They really have only one outstanding claim for recognition: viz: They are the most uncivilized and underdeveloped



Sept 12, 1944 Tuesday (continued)

of any race exposed to the better things of progress. They are the most outstanding example of a people too incompetent by nature to absorb the ordinary everyday accepted truths and advancements of the world at large.

7:30 p.m. - Everyone to be in buildings at 8 p.m. One usual argument - Hospital runs 24 hrs. Our night force goes on at 9 - day force off at nine - at least one supervisor must be allowed to go from bldg to bldg. -the medical officer of the day must respond to needy cases etc. - Kubota answers that "the Jap. army does not think it necessary for such night service." We will have to fight that out all over again - and over and over again.

Brought in 3 skinny caribao with the new draft. There is talk of butchering them.

Very little news with this gang. No where near as much as expected. However, we seem to be working over Mindinao in a big way now. More than likely the cause of present agog among them here. European situation shows progress. Invasion of Germany proper looks imminent. Dam near "passed out" today. Coming down from front office feet myself weaving and things so clear before me. Needed food in my guts. Turning in right now. 8 p.m. Went over the records of all special prisoners in our custody. Reviewed their cases. Can't depend on Broke's report.



Sept. 13, 1944 Wednesday. We continue under "alert" Routine weekly inspection. Well pleased with the general condition of the hospital facilities in spite of recent difficulties and problems. The "well" side of the camp in very good shape this morning. The Japan Draft is crowded in 12 & 13 but have shaken down into a good organization, most company commanders are showing results as their leadership becomes normally manifest. Conference with <sup>Lt.</sup> ~~Sgt.~~ Ramsay, in charge of the draft arriving yesterday. Went over the general plan of organization here and placed him in charge Bldg. 2. He is an excellent officer, a big too and pounder, 2nd LT. Army Air Corps, from the Texas-Arkansas border. Blue eyed, slow talking - good boy. I just saw Ramsay up in the jungle on Marivales Mountain. He and Capt. Moore came to 4th Reg. Headquarters just as we were moving out. They were moving in. Ramsay participated in the American P-40 raid on Nichols Field. In Jan 43, he was shot down by our own Marine Battery (Cast) over Marivales. He landed in the China Sea. He tells us we are using 400 planes at a time over Mindinao.

The three caribao were turned over to us for care today. We are now trying to manage a wallow for the beasts. As usual, these Japs have no idea what is needed to "take care" of anything. Never occurs to them that people and animals require certain every day necessities if they are to function and even live. Unless a caribao has his soaking he'll go berserk and tear hell out of things. Right now have had them tethered (all 3) down in the cemetery where they can eat the tall grass we can no longer control for lack of tools. Reported to Kubata today the continually mounting death

Sept. 13, 1944 Wednesday (continued)

rate among the pigs. Darn shame, all that pork among us who are starved, and they let it go to skin and bones and die.

Litters and old pigs are dying. Starvation.

Ramsay now explains the constant report of the Japs in their press in referring to our air attack, how we always hit a graveyard or a school house. Ramsay reports that every graveyard and school house around Manila holds concentrations of Jap troops. No wonder we go after them. Japs are working like hell today building more fox holes all over the compound. A fresh draft of 65 arrived from Camp Murphy at 1:30 p.m. Have placed them in #3 awaiting Nogi's inspection of them to "tell us who is sick among them." Then tomorrow, we will tell him. He should know by now that his best bet is to let us go ahead and work them over for him, and in our own way. Learn from this detail that the Japs out there were all agag this morning, jumping into fox holes with helmets, gas masks and rifles. They have the word from "nuns" that Germany surrendered on the 6th. There have been some other rumors to that effect. The local papers had us on the German border 3 or 4 days ago but have made no mention of Europe since. It could be so. Local press reputed to have said "U.S. now in position to prosecute an all out war against Japan." Well - thing's are going along. Planes are over Luzon now, in all probability and we should hear from them soon. Ramsay estimates that unless the Jap anti air trade is greatly improved, our planes will probably work from not more than 15000. We got em worried any how. Much headache last

Sept. 13, 1944 Wednesday (continued)

two days. Am afraid my eyes are doing a regression.

Padre Duffy all piss off - no answer to his recent requests for altar breads, wine, beans etc. Padre has killed the goose that laid the golden egg. He couldn't resist using his holy office to his own personal advantage, altho it endangered the church cause. He was well warned. Stupid, selfish, no dam good bum.

6 p.m. The nips now have a prisoner detail of about 50 men working on their fox holes. They have dug up the entire compound from here to the upper wall. The dam holes will fill up with water immediately. They are working as tho it must be finished tonight. Wonder if an inspection in the next few days won't require them to have "air defenses" perfected. They certainly are serious about this business. I guess we ought to be serious about it too. Talk. Watkins spent that night at shaneck's with us the night before Bob and I left to join the 4th. He was supposed to get in from the field that afternoon and marry Queenie but the nips bombed and staffed the field all day and there wasn't any time for such things as matrimony. He did get in that night about 8 p.m. - Thus, I left him in blackout and found him again likewise. His little romance has no place here but it is in my memories while at the Port area on the prisoner detail he has been able to have contact with Shrameck's until recently. His last card was 2 months ago. Rose & Queenie were well. Queenie working. The old man is back in Santa Tomas. The Hills have been sent back to San Tomas. Hill

*himself, remains at Cabanatuan*

Sept. 14, 1944 Thursday. The morning started off alright. I read some Amy Lorvell before bango and learned I am an "linagist" to the extent that I do naturally lean to "cadence" rather than meter. I like her "Bombardment." Amy must have been a fire eating old barstard. Think maybe I would like to have known her. About 7:30 however, the old siren let go with a real "raid" signal. Jesus! Great excitement! All up! Nips running about wild eyed - all thumbs getting clips into rifles - peering up in the great blue sky - much tension. Iron hats et al. Nobody in the fox holes. They all have at least 6" water in them. They not only crowded us into barracks but locked us in. We sat around about an hour like that or a little more. Finally a "secure" sounded and we got out and around to get the routine going. Crews having trouble in galley - no firewood - they won't let the wood choppers out of buildings so they can't keep ahead of the furnaces. Managed to get a little routine cleared away before the next "raid" alarm sounded. Wade and I came over here to our barracks rather than get tied up over in #7. Here we have discussed the current problems of mattresses, bunks, nets, for the continuous influx of prisoners. Have gone over with him my ideas on establishing a civilian building; also figuring out a proctreal system whereby we can extend library priveleges to these transient drafts and still protect our books. Our losses are great and beyond our means with  
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Sept. 14, 1944 Thursday (continued)

these transients. But they need the library am hoping to extend it to them today. Am sitting here in my barracks writing this with the constant drone of planes overhead, the guard with fixed bayonet just outside my door. They have forgotten to close and lock the door this time. This alert and raid business is probably going to be a steady diet from now on, and if these Japs are gonna tie up all traffic and business everytime a Yank observation plane comes over or they decide to bomb Clark Field a hundred miles away, we're in for a hell of a time. Ho! Hum! Can't do anything more so I'll read or write some Spanish just to keep my hand in. It has become my big hobby for these past two years. Think I'll try to snake a little time each day and get back to writing some more on my Spanish novel "Mas ser que parecer."

"All clear" about noon but back in alert status. The Japs continue to build barricades. I'll swear to God they're afraid we are going to rush 'em. They're screwed up worse than a Marine in the wash room.

Our census today numbers 1899 human rice burners and that's about all he does burn these days.

Galley difficulty. Crew malcontented. Situation has developed over our refusal to permit them extra food at expense of camp. Not our policy. We know the work is difficult. We also know they are doing better with food than the general run. I consider the chief more at fault than others. Removed him from duty. The others involved have been on the job too long. That is our error. This has been done to please Crews. However, it is a bad policy. We have announced our plan to make more frequent changes. Under ordinary

Sept. 14, 1944 Thursday (continued)

circumstances this would be easy to handle. Under present conditions offers some difficulty. The stress is on and the strain is getting them. These big drafts remaining for long periods have put the pressure on us and the men are petered out. We'll relieve them one by one. They understand the situation after our talking to them today. Several of them are now begging to remain. However, think it best they go.

Conference with Capt. Jones vice Gilbert (who could not be found) and inquired into his draft food problems. We are now sharing our allowance with the draft but the draft has the *belief* we are cutting them closer than we should. Jones understands. We have left it to Jones to put em straight. They should know that rice is all the Japs ever give us extra to feed them and all else they get we are sharing from our allowance.

Called all bldg. officers together today and directed that they inform their personnel that during these "raids" and alerts, they will take the situation quietly and calmly - repairing to their buildings and have no discourse of any kind with nearby guards. There will be no emotional patriotic demonstrations. The conduct of the camp shall be one of nonchalance and "taking it in our stride." The tension among the guards runs high. Their trigger fingers are itchy. They are excitable and frightened and uncertain. We do not want any unnecessary regrettable accidents. Moreover, as time goes on, we will lose a hell of a lot of privileges during these days of frequent alarms if we don't play the game right.

Sept. 14, 1944 Thursday (continued)

After conference with Duffie have decided to forego my library *program* for the draft. It just can't be done with any assurance of continued library service for the hospital proper. We can't afford the normal expectancy of wear and tear and loss. Japs are unpacking gas masks this afternoon. Ridiculous of course. But let 'em stew in their own juice. We did.

No further word as to prospects of movement of this draft. The odds are in favor of returning to Cabanatuan. Not a bad bet. Dental metal dropped low this date.

Talked with Watkins a little while this afternoon. He made the march to O'Donnell. Was down to 110 lbs. once and even made the "zero ward" for a while. Gherky, his pal, died at Cabanatuan. We have it in common in having lost our closest comrades. They still crowd us in at 8 p.m. in perpetual dark.

Sept. 15, 1944 - Friday. Half yasume - according to Japs. Only means Nogi will not be in this afternoon. No "raid" alarm early this morning and a little overcast so the boys probably won't be over today with this low ceiling to take pictures. We took advantage of the restored calm among our benevolent captors who have us digging fox holes for them and building barricades until the whole compound looks like Chateau Thierry or the Flanders Field of 1918, and tried to clear away some accrued details. As an example of routine questions and problems discussed daily I mentioned a few of them: (1) Request



Sept. 15, 1944 - Friday (continued)

for interchange of personnel on present Japan draft. Ferguson to be left here and Donovan to draft. Desirable to both officers and to us. Taken under advisement. (2) Request Phil Curry be added to our staff to fill our complement which is one under the Japanese allowance. Services needed and Curry is the lone Navy hospital corpsman on an otherwise Army draft. Taken under advisement. (3) Cement much needed to repair galley furnaces which are again a menace to personnel and food. Noted but no comment. Doubtful if we ever hear of it altho we will keep digging at it. Cement is something they are dam tight with. (4) Permission to turn over all personal effects to "heavy prisoners" we have in hospital. Granted. (5) Again requesting shoe repair material to carry on the much needed work for the outgoing draft. Japs direct that the work be expedited but don't produce the wherewithal. Need at least 60 soles and heels and nails. We have used every bit of our Red Cross material for shoe repair - much of it for Japs. We asked about repair material brought in from Calaoan. Two kits were listed but we don't see them in the stuff. That one isn't hard to answer. Noted. ?? We shall see - however, past experience builds no hope in this human breast. (6) Inquiring as to chaplain's supplies - altar beads etc.

Fatalistic answer - telephone out of order for 3 days. Unable to call headquarters. (Headquarters only 50 yards and away and daily intercourse with them). No telephone - no inquiry - can do nothing - so what? So Solly. (7) Attempted to clarify the siren signals to <sup>faci</sup> facilitate our compliance with orders.



Sept. 15, 1944 - Friday (continued)

Given the system as they have it but they admit they can't follow the siren and what it means any more than we can. Fatalistic attitude again. Never seems to occur to them they could ask and get straightened out. (8) Books recently brought in from Port area (about 100) to be given to draft. Recommended they be turned over to draft now and let them use them while they are here. Approved. Also asked about Pasay books. None sent in when Pasay broke up. They will check on it. (9) Asked for blankets for sick in hospital. Refund <sup>and</sup> yesterday because QM soldier (Mortimer <sup>Sword</sup> Yamamoto) didn't consider them sick. Granted. (10) Asked the whereabouts of the money which was collected from draft to be converted to <sup>you</sup> ~~for~~ and supposed to reach them last Mon. "Haven't had time" to do the exchange. Coming. And so went another morning conference. Takes a long time to do business in oriental way. Can't rush, must parley and punctuate with long silences and duck air thru teeth and repeat questions and be careful never to ask question in such a way as to necessitate final settlement. Always leave it open to conversation or you'll lose everytime.

The gas masks they are unpacking are American - Japanese property by conquest. I doubt dam seriously if any of them know the first principle of their use. The brains must be in the bag. Its American so should work itself.

Draft is again gaining momentum toward moving. At least they will probably eventually move out of here. From where we sit we can are one hell of a lot of snafu to be straightened out before they can move

Sept. 15, 1944 - Friday (continued)

but they haven't <sup>grasped it</sup> ~~in~~ yet. We are still finding positive amebies among them, there are still 66 awaiting Nogi's inspection as to sick or well, there are severe categories of prisoners which one group of Japs consider on draft and another group does not consider so etc etc. ad infinitum. That's the way they fight the war.

Dreamed of the lateral just to the left of the West Entrance of Malinta. It is a head, and the sides and back planked. I was sitting in the deep left hand corner. I remember the big rock overhead above the planks.

Approved Crews submitted plan to run a 3 watch system in galley, one watch to be draft detail entirely. It has good features. We'll give it a trial. It will have to be watched ~~however~~. Will do so. Managed to get out Caribao thru the small gate into our duck run and they can now use the "duck pond" as a wallow. They seem quite contented now.

Willie was just into see me. He doesn't look good. He must get outside more.

This corn in our ration doesn't improve it any. Oyoga, Paymaster from Cabanatuan was around here yesterday. Looks like we may get him as rumored. At 1:30 p.m. Sato came down to notify us that after 2 o'clock many guns would fire - testo - and notify everybody testo only. We notified. About 3 or 3:30 I heard a 5 incher go off some where over in the city but I can't say it was particularly terrifying and certainly no great rocket as prognosticated. If they fired more than once I didn't hear it.

Sept. 15, 1944 - Friday (continued)

Willie repaired the drain in his building today. Low ceiling all days. No yank birds over. At least no alarms all day.

A review of the patients today show the dysentery cases doing well but one. Expect the Britishers to lose him. One other case is questionable. Among our corpsman sick, Nye is improved and his dysentery controlled. Moved him to 11. I still believe he has T.B. however. Crowell looks out of danger but still in bed with a complicating phelbitis, rt. thigh, S.O. 2 in good shape.

The draft continues to dump temporary sick on us (dengues, catanhal fever etc.). Our dispensary sick call liye for the draft looks like about 100% of the Japan draft, whereat they receive Vit. therapy etc. A few new cyst carrying amebies turn up daily, but no new cases of active dysentery appearing lately. Eye changes from Beri beri remains about same - practically 100% involvement to some degree. Regressions noted of late in some field tests.

Just at dusk, Jap ~~an~~ soldier (Martifer Snerd again) orders us to kill a carabao at once, pronto, now, immediately. The Japs to take half and we to get half. We expalined the difficulties involved. Night, blackout, no lights - how in hell can you butcher a cow caribao on a stone floor in a night blacker than the hinges of hell. Moreover, we would have no ice to keep it, and would have to cook it that night. Goddam it, he wanted caribao now and if we couldn't take care of our part, the Japs would take it all. That didn't sound so good. I told Mr. Crews to kill the annimal at once, call out the off galley watch and Wade and I would see Kubata. Found him in a fresh linen suit. Japs were having a party. That was what that caribao was for. He admitted

Sept. 15, 1944 - Friday (continued)

It was a mess etc. Admitted we got such a little bit of ice anyhow - seemed more aimable than usual, we thought. Finally got permission to use one Kerasue<sup>W.J.</sup> lantern which gave about enough light to equal a dull glowing match. Then the 2M soldier and Hirano insisted on shading that. Kubata couldn't get permission for cook fires however. Explained that raids come suddenly and those galley fires would get us bombed sure. I told him he needn't have any fear of night bombing to start with. He agreed it probably wasn't to be expected. This gave me a chance to tell him that his best bet was to light this place up like a church. He agreed that that was the proper thing to do but - and there that ended. While talking with him learned definitely that Oyagi from Cabanatuan was our new ppymaster and a much easier guy to deal with. We arranged with Kubata to call us when he comes in as we want to go into some kind of conference with him. We want to get started right with this one and break up a lot of this crap that has been going on with Mamota. Well, as a result we get about 100 kilos of Carbao to feed 1889 people tomorrow - about 50 <sup>grams</sup> guns<sup>-</sup> per man counting bones, and the bones are big in a Carabao.

Sept 16, 1944 - Saturday. Rained most of night and still raining this morning. "Secure" signal about 10:30 a.m. Big fire off the South East last night. Much random rifle fire in the city during night. We had much the same trouble in Manila <sup>beginning</sup> in the with the individual attitudes of the writers and his personal reaction against his environment, instead of being the cold impersonal concise but accurate picture of the clinical case needing depiction. The number of medical officers

Sept. 15, 1944 - Firday (continued)

who are able to express themselves clearly, accurately and with reasonable poignancy are too few to mention, and yet, it is very important to their patient that they be able to do so. The command of the English language among this group as a whole would do justice to a backward 6th grade (pretty high, but I'll let it go) and the complete absence of thought is manifest in every sentence. It takes more than 4 yrs. of medicine to make a doctor. In the pre-med years more cultural subjects are needed - chiefly grammar - good old plain grammer - rhetoric, spelling, of course, you've gotta have brains to start with. What we really need in our educational system is a new interest in our language, and a higher premium placed on expression.

Blackout as usual but we continue otherwise as "all clear." A little bird says that we have recently bombed Illo Illa, Zambales, Negros, north Mindinao, and Legaspi. The latter only about 250 miles away. Japan again bombed recently. Large American task force operating in Phil. waters. Press admitting we are 15 miles into Germany with several break thru's.

Sept. 17, 1944 - Sunday. Divine services as usual. No alert all day.

This day marked by a long disgusting conference which could have been completely hand led in 10 minutes by any ordinary 10¢ store clerk.

Nogi reports medicine vary scarce in Japan and "we" are directed to send 20% of our Red Cross medicine to Japan instead of our 10% as before. (Nogi was in conference yesterday with a Medical Corps general, we learn), We are therefore directed to pack another 10% lot (about 46 cases). Deder was called in and told he was to be present at packing as he was to be responsible for delivery of medicine in Japan. We

Sept. 17, 1944 - Sunday (continued)

are about to take another shellacking on medicine. In the meanwhile, Nogi tries to again throw the responsibility of the recent sulfa-drug theft from requisition on our shoulders by telling us to be more careful of "costly drugs." We refused the admonishment by again pointing out that all evidence pointed out that the loss occurred after leaving here. I still claim that was the rawest deal we ever got. The dam naievity and dumbness with which the ruse is carried out is such a dam insult to our intelligence! And we can't do one dam thing about it - yet. Otherwise, very much a routine day. Saw a case with Carey in the afternoon - very acute gall bladder in a youngster - you could see the distended bag thru his belly wall. Operated him. Drained gall bladder. Also examined old chief Kenna with Carey. Has a large mass about size of a small papaya or cocoanut in left pelvis extends to above crest of illium on left side. Looks like Mag<sup>C</sup> has a malignancy. Dam! But the incidence of malignancy runs high with us! Prison general moving to another house. A "superior" general has arrived and wants the present house. Sweitzer out there all day stripping the dam place of doors, lights, curtains etc., to put in the general's next house. General wants it "all fixed up American style." Duncce crap! Infantile stuff! Ribbon clerk looters.

Drafts take on very little more shape. Seem more confused than ever. I tried my best to definitely learn from the present standpoint of the Jap who is, and who is not on draft. It can't be determined from the records. Looks impossible at present to keep Fergues<sup>us</sup> on and very little chance of holding Watkins.

Sept. 18, 1944 - Monday. Clear and bright. Early this morning the nearby batteries just outside our walls are test firing. Fighting for more wood. We are still expected to boil water, cook pig food, supply dysentery, in addition to galley - all on same amount of 1 kilo per man per day which we had prior to these later demands. They won't increase us altho we ask for only 1-1/3 kilos per man per day. The wood is green - in large <sup>1500 lbs</sup> ~~loads~~ and no tools to work it up fast enough for our needs. Finally got Kubota to let us have 500 kilos small wood to cook tonight's meal. Census reports he can't get noon meal out under 1:30 today.

Nogi arrived at 10 a.m. to look over sick on draft and say yes or no to keep them as patients. He saw about 1/3 of them and then decided he had urgent business elsewhere and shoved off. Will be back this afternoon - he says. Usual SNAFU. We are losing two corpsmen from our staff for this draft. Harris (Navy) Ethrington (Army) designated by us. Harris, while permitted to join our staff when he came from Pasay some months ago, never has been made a "Bilibid" man in spite of our 6 letters to that end.

Draft of 76 arrived from Clark Field about 12:30. Japs directed us to house them in #12 & 13. We explained it was too crowded now. Their answer was "put em in there" and find room for about 120 more somewhere. A message to Garcia. Expecting 75 more from Clarke tomorrow and the Cabanatuan group tonight. The "Rod Test" revealed a "Typhoid carrier" - so the Japs report in great excitement and special directives were sent immediately to hurriedly isolate the carrier, place basins of insecticide in 13 where men may frequently wash their hands, disinfect the house - etc., etc. Much ado. Rather stupid, layman like tactics



Sept. 18, 1944 - Monday (continued)

and attitude even if the men is a carrier. More disgusting every day is the daily contact with these people. Hungry as hell!

Nogi reappeared at 4 p.m. and reviewed rest of draft. Indicated those we could keep. Didn't do so badly - in our favor. Caban Med. draft, 42 officers and men arrived at 3 p.m. Gaskill senior. Ruth on detail. Also Heinbach. Eight Navy corpsmen among them. Piled the 42 into #1.

Still fighting drug thefts and sales. Loss of 5000 sulfapyradine tonight. Ordered all sulfa drugs and Quinine nailed up in boxes and ~~not~~ not a nail to be drawn except on order from Wade or me. This drug business is one of our greatest problems. We have fought our own people and the Japanese on this score from the very beginning. We have limited the business but we can't stop it. We are playing a lone hand and have too little support among our own people. It is impossible to maintain a 100% dept. and keep it manned; somewhere in every dept. we have a skunk. Among our own officers and men as well as among our patients and transients. A sad sad commentary on our people - on the human race. Gaskill came in to visit me on arrival. Running true to form. Hurriedly seeking officer comforts - to hell with the men. Raining tonight.

Sept. 19, 1944 - Tuesday. Cleared up about midnight and the Japs test fired artillery most of the night. Sounded like big stuff close to us. Search lights going all night. Early conference on sulfa drug theft and have decided upon plans of handling it. A discouraging dam problem. Long conference with Hanson on store buying coconuts now at 2.80. No



Sept. 19, 1944 - Tuesday (continued)

No beans available. We are reduced to cocoanuts and garbi for our supplementary diet. Situation is really tight now and will still get tighter. Prospects are not good. My estimate of some months ago pans out. "In Sept. Yanks better do something - fast." Clear and bright today. Rod test on new 42 draft today. Issued more clothes to Draft #1 yesterday. The office situation regarding draft still snafu.

Gaskill and Ruth came in to enlist my support and effort in having Ferris removed as officer in charge of #2 draft. I wouldn't listen to any remarks they had to say in Ferris' absence. Gross example of pot calling kettle black even if Ferris may be "all bad" etc. Gaskill and Ferris were at Lipa together. Much strain. When all the bad boys call each other "bad," it's bad.

Tonight, notified Draft #1 of 1204 would move in morning. Arranged for feeding them. Within an hour, time of departure radically changed. In another hour, after much conferring and adjustment to feed them and supply them, headquarters sends word "no go" "Tomorrow someday" "Not tomorrow."

Raining tonight.

Not enough fish to go around so we fed the visiting firemen. We ate dry rice. Our census tonight is at 2254 - a new high - Palaman arrived and the last Clarke Field contingent we have jammed them into buildings wherever any space could be found, mixing the sick with the well. In many places they are so crowded they can old sit up - not lie down. Just cattle and pigs - oriental style. In our country our cattle and pigs have better. Expecting 15 from Corregidor tomorrow.

Sept. 20, 1944 - Wednesday. Overcast. Quite a volley of anti air guns at 4 a.m. Clearing them only. The real time is not yet. Passed the day in semi cloudiness crowded and jammed, the walls of the prison yard hard put to contain the packed in masses. Managed to get cocoanuts and garbi thru the store and issued to draft elements. No change in status draft. Capt. Kern (MC) U.S.A. from Clarke Field in conference with me this morning. A very fine guy - has excellent records, good observations made, has done a nice job out there. Secured his material. He is scheduled for draft #2. Reviewing his figures, it is evident he did not receive his Red Cross drugs as sent from here. No inspection today. Galley must cook all night tonight to use fish received. Permission has been given us.

Sept. 21, 1944 - Thursday. *Desultory* ~~AAA~~ fire kept up all night. Made me think of the old custom of firing at intervals all night into the dark to keep the "devils" away. Early conference with Crews on feeding problems. Draft continues with us. Today autumnal equinox. Autumn begins today. At exactly 9:30 \_\_\_\_.

Sept. 22, 1944 - Friday 3:45 p.m. - First chance to make an entry since the above. At the above noted hour, the sky (low ceiling) to south west of us, black with planes. Anti aircraft batteries all around us (and we are right in the middle of a mass of them) opened up and we are right in the middle of a mass of them opened up and we could see the bursts right among the planes. The Japs were nonchalant and thought it "tasto." We did too. We sat out on a ledge and watched these planes keep coming and antisair batteries banging away tonight

Sept. 22, 1944 - Friday, 3:45 p.m. (continued)

and tougher until falling shrapnell, duds and spent shells and fragments began falling on us and we ducked, just as everybody got wise that we were really under fire and the guards dived for their foxholes and we were barred up tighter than hell in our barracks. ~~Three~~<sup>Eight</sup> cracked shutters we could see the planes peel off and let go stick after stick. Anti air fire, bombs falling and exploding shells in the compound kicked up quite a fuss. The Port area was catching hell. There was dog fighting overhead, the area over Nicholas and Neilson was getting attention and dive bombing seen over Camp Murphy. Anti air batteries were as futile as ever. Raid lasted two hours and five runs were made. Planes estimated from 80-150 in number. Navy planes - probably carrier born<sup>2</sup>. We had one severe casualty - a jaw bone dug out by a bullet p<sup>re</sup>ssing downward thru a shutter at about 45<sup>0</sup>. Many of our buildings were struck and penetrated by fragmentations; shrapnel and bullets. Several r<sup>oo</sup>f were penetrated. One ~~and~~ (1.1) entered locked ward and landed right in a man's bed. The Yanks have come! First day of autumn. Finally got an "all clear" and managed to get mess cooks moving to get chow to buildings - plain c<sup>orn</sup>. Then got into session with Japanese to try to iron out immediate problems. First, had a hell of a time getting the wounded men moved to 6, and treated. Water shut off or at least none coming thru. All latrines therefore out, galley at a standstill and no drinking water. We proposed daily digging of latrines and covering. Japs say no. Use wells to fl<sup>ush</sup>. That l<sup>icks</sup> us for water for any other purpose.

Sept. 22, 1944 - Friday, 3:45 p.m. (continued)

Finally got permission to let us start digging wells at each present latrine for flushing, thus freeing other wells for regular purposes. Was arguing water problems with Kubota about 2:30 p.m. when I heard a dull hum and off to the north west; <sup>here</sup> hell came a bevy of Yank planes, about 50. This was the second time of the day they had slipped in on us and all hell broke loose. Wade and I made our barracks. Raid lasted 2 hrs. and 5 runs made. Seemed like bigger stuff and concentrated in port area. Fires were started and the stench of burning oil was everywhere and smoke even reached our quarters. Ammunition dumps were exploding, gas and oil exploding and burning and continued most of the night. The boys really worked them over in the afternoon. No air resistance by Japs. Our planes disregarded ground batteries entirely. We are reputed to have lost 5 planes, 3 in morning, two afternoon. Galley put on plain rice after evening tenko. Wade and I made rounds of buildings. Conditions satisfactory. Water again running and prospects looked better. Morale high. This is the first time we have ever seen it dished out to the enemy. Heretofore we have always been on the short end of the stick and taking it. Of course, we are still taking it, and American lead and <sup>still</sup> ~~still~~ is as deadly as Japanese, but - well its different. About 8:30 we were summoned to front office to see Nogi. Kamma was also present. They informed us that crowded as we were we would have to make arrangements to house 360 Americans at once from Camp Murphy as that was a dangerous spot. We were glad to take them in spite of our already bulging compound but we knew they would be damn glad to get away from the field. We notified ~~the~~ building officers to

Sept. 22, 1944 - Friday, 3:45 p.m. (continued)

stand by to receive additions. The draft arrived at 11:30 p.m. Even used the brig. While this conference was in session a deafening explosion occurred lighting up the entire port area. Nogi, Sata and Kamma "were very much impressed - in fact, Nogi's eyes popped out another inch. Kubota didn't quite control his jump, and Sata stepped back considerably. It was a hell of a wallup. Gas or ammunition went up as the fire burned merrily on. Nogi had been diving in and out of fox holes all day and ~~be~~ certainly did look like a Hollywood grotesque with his little iron hat sitting on top of his head like a too small brown derby and tied under his chin with a string like grandam's bonnett and his pop eyes covered with large thick spectacles, his mouth wide open and carrying his sword at full length from his side like it was a wet umbrella he didn't want to drip on him. These Japs didn't like this stuff worth a damn. A quiet night. Slept all night. They had us up for bangs while it was still dark. At an all time high for Bilibid 2217 - larger than Cabanatuan at present - we are jammed in an area which we have always considered saturated at 1000. Before *Lugao* could be gotten - at 7:40, the Wanks returned and really turned on the heat for 2 hrs. giving port area hell. Huge fires started and they are still burning furiously. One looks like the railroad *bridge* as well. All afternoon gas drums and ammunition <sup>*have been*</sup> constantly exploding in the fire areas. After 10:30 managed to get steamed rice served to the camp. The Prison Dept. General arrived and looked

Sept. 22, 1944 - Friday, 3:45 p.m. (continued)

the place over. Had a long conference with Kinnura in an effort to get the situation ironed out so that ordinary routine work can be carried out during lulls, people get out to the head, M.O.'s to see patients, woodcutters, galley workers, messmen etc. We came to a reasonable working agreement but Goddamit they won't explain these things to their guards and we were still meeting obstruction from them at 4 p.m. Gradually getting squared away however. We finally had a <sup>secure</sup> ~~signal~~ about 4 but at 5 we were back under raid conditions again and remained for an hour. No bombs dropped. Probably observation only. Took care of minor casualties suffered by Americans at Murphy yesterday. Made rounds. Conditions are crowded but we are getting by. Galley turned out corn at noon and a soup and rice ration tonight. Blowing like a typhoon making up and raining some tonight. Weather looks very bad. A good typhoon right now would certainly be a mess with thousand and more sleeping on deck - and the decks flooding as they do with typhoons - means 3-4 in a bunk or else. Let us pray. Directed tonight that all crippled and one legged officers be brought back to s.o. 2 from #18. We can't safeguard them and care for them up there during these conditions. (Today was YASUME!)

Sept. 23, 1944 - Saturday. Still overcast, blowing some. Smoke from fire has practically gone. Managed to make some early rounds and get morning reports from all departments. Raid signal at 8:25 despite weather. Changed to alert condition after 1 hr. No planes over us but we could hear distant detonations. This raid surprised us.

Sept. 23, 1944 - Saturday (continued)

Felt that weather might interfere with carrier operations, apparently didn't.

No further raids all day. Japs busy covering fox holes with lumber and dirt. Working all available prisoners to that end. Raining off and on all day. Our sanitation problem mounts. Managing to maintain some *semblance* of such a service. Pajairo pequeno reports "many many ships sunk. Many hundreds Filipinos killed." Reports indicate the whole port area well worked over and burned. M. H. DelPilar only one block off yacht basin.??

Sept. 24, 1944 - Sunday. Very little sleep during night at 11:30, 220 British and Dutch prisoners brought in. Incommunicado - to go in brig - brig personnel to be moved "somewhere." Housed the 76 from brig in #18 in the mail room and put in 220 in brig. Many necessarily outside on ground, all of them naked, some still wearing life jackets. Provided clothes, fed them rice, supplied mail bags to sleep on, in, or under. Four cases needed surgical treatment at once and was allowed to remove them to 6. These are the lone survivors of 1200 who have lying down in the harbor so long. Three days ago they went out in a 8 ship convoy. Our planes and subs caught them 60 miles off and in 3 min. had sunk 5 of them and started off for a faster convoy to the north. They could not see our work on that. These survivors were picked up by smaller Jap fishing boats and arrived in Manila bay in time to be at by the raid of the following day. The injured were victims of this attack. Machine gun stuff. One Dutchman has both femurs broken.



Sept. 24, 1944 - Sunday (continued)

One Dutchman with machine gun wounds of shoulder and arm died before getting to table. Details later. There are two medical officers - one dutch, one english. The line officers in charge - Capt. Dean and Lt. Lawrence are swell plucky fellows. Their report is that we sank at least 22 ships in the harbor. One cruiser, not less than 5000 tons sunk in the Dewey Dry Dock. Another cruiser with stern only, showing. Piers are destroyed. Lawrence refers to it as "a bloody fine job you Yanks did."

Busy this morning trying to get them organized as to their sick and hope to get them moved into wards for Rx and provide general medical care. Matter of getting the dead buried is still pending - interrupted by air raid siren at 8:15 and we are still under raid conditions as I write at 8:55 a.m. It has begun to rain like hell. When these people arrived last night Sato indicated that they would only be here a few days. This convoy is the one our draft was slated to join - and order concealed at 9:30 p.m. the night before. As usual, incommunicado cannot be maintained when you join 2840 people into a rat hole like this. If any question of moving these drafts to Japan arises now, there is some question in my mind if a draft will not offer some difficulty. It is evident that Manila is closed as a port. Reverted to alert status about 9:30 a.m. and an "all clear" about 11. Bettered the conditions of the British - Dutch arrivals as the day progressed. Toilet articles provided their more acutely sick hospitalized and a sick call provided for the others.



Sept. 24, 1944 - Sunday (continued)

Japs questioned them all afternoon in an effort to get them to make derogatory statements against the Americans who attacked them. They stubbornly refused to do so and continued to praise the job as an excellently executed piece of military tactics. They are a damn plucky gang. Tough bastards. We were undisturbed by raid signals for the rest of the day. No planes were over us during the one alert today altho we could hear them and at one time saw eight far to the west, headed south. Several large fires bloomed up in the direction of the yacht basin and to the west of us. Very very black smoke. Two men in from Los Pinas report no damage to the field out here - our planes strapped a bit and hit the Jap barracks. However, they believe Nichols got a working over. Saw no ships in bay except a few still burning. Jap paper after first raid reports: minor ground installation damage - lost two small frigates. Claim 500 planes had attacked and they shot down 96. Whew! Alibi the absence of Jap planes in the air by stating that the Jap planes all went out to wipe out the task force and did sink 4 units of the fleet. Have not heard their story of later raids. Local Japs continue to build shelters and go around in a fog. No indication tonight as to their intentions for the present Bilibid overload. Nogi and Kamma practically live here now. No church services held today.

Sept. 25, 1944 - Monday. Census at 2837. The other Dutch boy with both femurs broken, died last night. Details given below. The other remains left Bilibid by truck accompanied by chaplain and was burned at 6 p.m., yesterday. Have made rounds this morning and, all things considered, the place looks very well and we are managing to hold the pieces together. There was a little indication this morning that the draft might not go to Japan. The same indication inferred also that the matter was unsettled at present. A payroll is being made up and will include all officers and men in Bilibid so entitled, except Dutch and British recent arrivals who - "when they become Philippine prisoners of war will be paid." This further indicates they do not expect to send them on to Japan.

Received following report from Palaman prisoners: Information: Wm. Henry Smith, Pfs, 31st Inf. U.S.A., (1) 18046329 - Pittsburg, Kan., (2) Pvt. Peter Ellsworth Swannebo, 59th Coast Art., Bat. K. U.S.A., 19016451 - Portland, Oregon.

Four Navy men held in hoosegow by Japs in July '44 - they got a note outside to Palawan prisoners giving their names and stating they were the only survivors of the submarine Robalo (Amer.) S.S.-273. There is a question whether the sub was destroyed by battery explosion or dive bomber. The men were being held as guerillas and not as prisoners of war. The men were taken from Palawan aboard a Jap gunboat about July 1st/44? The names of the prisoners: (1) Ensign S. L. Tucker 261863, U.S.N.R., 235 W. Elm St., Brockton, Mass; (2) T. (or F.) G. Laughlin QM1/c, 234-09-59, U.S.N., 40 W. Elm St., Wallaston, Mass.; (3) W. K. Martin, Sig.M. 3/c, 725-07-46, U.S.N.R., 257 N. Union St., Aurora, Ill.; (4) M. S. Poston, EM2/c, 604-72-44,

Sept. 25, 1944 - Monday (continued)

U.S.M.A., 2896 W. Blount St., Pensacola, Fla. A check on "over the wall" heavy prisoners reveals no evidence of such prisoners having been there up to the last of July 44.

Late this afternoon, a Britisher from the previous draft died of Dysentery. At about 6 p.m. the remains of the Dutchman and Britisher left the compound for burial. The British Chaplain with our new arrivals (Church of England?) was permitted to go out and perform burial service. Details of the three recent deaths: Verhoevern, Witelms - pot. (gunner) 3rd Btn., Dutch Army, L.B. Art. (Bandoeng). Next of Kin: Father-name unknown. Tegelen, Holland, Roman Cath. Died, 0500, Sept. 24/44 as result of gunshot wounds left shoulder, left arm, left ear. Buried in El Norte Cemetery, Manila, P.I.; Goosenr, Ferdinand George, pot. Inf. Dutch Army. #41623. Next of Kin: Father, L. F. Goosens, Lohrat, Sumatra. Died Sept. 24/44 (1905) from gunshot wounds both femurs. Buried in El Norte, Manila, P.I.

NOTE: Both above were victims of attack on convoy at sea were being taken to Japan in prison ship in convoy of 8 ships - tankers, merchantmen and 2 cruisers attacked by Amer. planes and subs. all ships sunk. These were picked up by Jap "fishing" (patrol) vessels (armed). Subjected to staffing therefore and so injured.

Willox, John #2876280 Cpl. 2nd Bin Gordon Highlanders. Died 9/25/44. Amebic dysentery. N.O.K. - Mother - Margaret Willox, Fetterangus, Mintlaw Sta., Aberdeenshire, Scotland. Buried at El Norte, Manila.

Sept. 26, 1944 Rained during night. Clear today. Battled with Kubota this a.m. regarding need of more cooking callows and repair of our old ones. These Japs can't get <sup>the</sup> their heads that we need more facilities to handle our mob raw quartered here. Rations have been cut to where we all barely existing: a small scoop of boiled corn, or a scoop of rice is all we can expect at any meal. There is practically nothing coming in via merchant except an occasional cocanut and a garlic bulb. The emergency stores some managed to lay by are now gone. We are getting damn near the bottom. Took stock of our crowded wards and this morning ordered all corpemen out of #4 and pile into the #5 group. This frees #10 of 92 well people and provides available space in a hospital ward if needed - and probably will be. Next move will be to pile new arrivals into chiefs quarters where there is still much deck room. Our own quarters can about <sup>it</sup> M.O.'s from S.O.2 when and if necessary. These are provisions considered in regard to possible "new" American prisoner injured - pilots etc. and the sick or injured from Los Pinas. Must look ahead. For 2 days we have operated under "all clear" conditions as given out by Japs. However, today at 1:45, the Manila siren blows "secure." Apparently the Japs don't grasp their own signals. We have prospered by the mistake however. Report reaches us tonight of Laurel (pres. of Phil.) declaring war on U.S. and Great Britain as result of recent terror raids. This opens several possibilities as far as we are concerned - some good - some bad.

Sept. 27, 1944 - Wednesday. Made general inspection today. General situation in hand. However, by our standards leaves much to be desired. Siren put us on alert status about 11 a.m. but nothing developed here. Have indications that they are putting on the pressure down south. Very little plane activity around here these days. All clear signal about 4 p.m.

I sensed a <sup>disunion</sup> between British and Dutch new arrivals the first night they arrived. The Dutch M.O., <sup>Ver Snell</sup> ~~very small~~, asked an interview with me this morning and gave me a long story of differences between them that began long ago "up country" in Burma. Then much of the same stuff we have seen so much of - officers eating while men go with out. I took the matter under advisement for a while - decided that international differences must be kept within our own fold and lessened to minimum. Convinced there was much in the Dutchman's statement. My own observation had already told me that, ~~my own~~. This afternoon, had Capt. Deane in conference, explained our policy of "share alike" and under guise of indoctrination of their group into our organization directed that all Dutch be housed in #8 and <sup>Snell</sup> ~~ver~~ ~~bell~~ to be building officer for that group. All British moved into #9.

Sept. 28, 1944 - Thursday. Another Britisher died during the night. Remains removed on a push cart and taken to Manila for burial. Chaplain not allowed to go at this time. They apparently didn't want him walking thru the streets. Spent most of morning trying to get Sparkman cleared of ~~possessing~~ <sup>possessing</sup> ~~possessing~~ <sup>possessing</sup> cloth from Japanese. Data on deaths below: Tough several hours. Really had no defense. Skirted dangerously near losing much ~~face~~ <sup>face</sup>. Finally got a "warning" and quietus - Close. Ramification could have been very embarrassing under 3rd degree methods. No air warnings all day. Draft movement took impetus - all points to draft actually leaving in next few days. We are asking ourselves "In what?" Our latest reports are to the effect that nothing in bay; situation in camp grows a little taut. An outbreak against the guards might not be too improbable. This convoy sinking has its effect - naturally. Merchant reports nothing available in coming month but perhaps a few cocoanuts at 7 & 8 pesos each. They are floating these down the Pasig river. No other transportation. Fire wood reduced. "Very difficult" to get. Rations reduced. "Very diff." Its a tight period which we have been waiting for.

A "deluxe" raid shelter erected just outside our barracks for the officers (Jap). Probably Nogi, Kammura, etc. This place from the air must look like Chateau Thierry of 1918. More damn dugouts and revetments and fox holes than we had on Corregidor.

Sept. 29, 1944 - Friday. Half Yasama decreased from above. One of the busiest days we have experienced for long time. No raids. Fulton, G.D., Pharm. 2/c to mast on theft of food from galley where he was assigned to work. Carried as unfinished business to be settled after war. Removed from galley. The long awaited Dr. S. Yashima from <sup>D</sup>avao arrived today of the better class. First Jap I ever saw give an American an American real handshake. <sup>P</sup>eder claims he is best Jap he ever saw. We sat in conference to turn over Davao med. supplies to us. Not difficult to agree upon. The transfer has been effected as far as Bilibid is concerned but it still remains in Jap bodega and not in American hands as yet. Directed by Japs to serve two meals a day only. This to conserve wood. Explained how it isn't of value under our over populated condition. Nevertheless two meals daily 8:00 a.m. and 3:00 p.m. agreeable hrs. to them. Imagine they will object when it starts messing up their details. General movements <sup>in C. U. S.</sup> for getting draft underway. Repeated rectal exams today, readjusting our available lists. Corregidor group scratched by Japs. Los <sup>P</sup>ixes to go direct to ship. Clothing being issued. Much uneasiness among the draft as departure time approaches. Mess cooks from Dysentery caught stealing chow - received lecture from Capt. Deane thanking Americans for all kindness received. Continues to rain every late afternoon and night. Bad on us as many of our people are sleeping on ground outside. Pneumonias continue to appear. Long <sup>clinical</sup> conference with Carey over McKenna tonight. Believe he has a retro peritenenal extra renal tumor.

Sept. 30, 1944 - Saturday. Data on death of Sept. 27/44. Coulson, ~~John E.~~ <sup>John E.</sup> 125 anti tank Reg. British Army, 5880255 born Durham, Eng., May 22, 1905. Prot. Admitted from prisoner ship in port area, Sept. 24/44 (Had been sunk by air attack and was one of survivors)., Died 2040, Sept. 27/44. Pneumonia, lumbar. Buried Del Norte Cemetary Manila. Protestant.

Busy morning - many minor details - mast case - theft. One <sup>it</sup> ~~pot.~~ Sechristi sentenced to stand for 3 days with a sign "I AM A THIEF" hung around his neck. No other punishment available at this time. He is on outgoing draft. Clear, bright, hot. Stealing has become a big problem. I could stop it immediately if I had full control. Again I am confronted with the same old background - the Japs are the boss and I just work here. One man caught stealing night before last and the shipmates who caught him broke his humerus. O.K. However, the culprit wins anyhow. He has been removed from the draft, which is what he wanted. Having been duly notified of the draft moving tomorrow, we went on record against the transportation of allied prisoners in unmarked ships and requested permission for Capt. Deane to voice his protest in behalf of the British and Dutch. Wade and I in our talk with Kubota brought to attention the following: (1) That prisoners were being transferred in unmarked ships, and that there existed an international provision for such procedures. (2) That as representing the Americans we had to protest against the practice as exposing helpless prisoners to unnecessary hazard. Reply as follows: (1) "Not right to cartel the ships because we don't have enough ships to devote entire ship to prisoners, and hence they put other things, contraband of war, raw materials, troops etc. into the ships and therefore



Sept. 30, 1944 - Saturday (continued)

shouldn't cartel them. (2) Japanese took risks in the ships. Do not believe situation so acute at present as to make cartel measures necessary. They may become so and then such things have to be done." (3) "To make such arrangements would take a long time - as much as three weeks."

Our rebuttal:

The ethics of the procedures had and contrary to international conduct in precedence. Reviewed the system set up thru Geneva and otherwise that handled such matters. We consider "3 weeks" a short time in relation to the number of lives involved. That the risk taken by Japanese in their own ships was the normal course of war. Not in same category with prisoner hazards.

Kubata agreed it was a serious and big matter and he would have to call Nogi, who in turn would have to talk to the General. Kubota did leave to contact Nogi at once, we heard nothing more but about 8 p.m. Kubota called up the C.O. commanders on the draft and gave them a pep talk which indicated that "trip would be a short one, would be crowded, would do what he could to make them comfortable etc. Deane brought up the question again at that time about carteling to ships and received the same answers I had received earlier. I had a long chat with Deane and explained to him the futility of the situation and the real difficulty involved. The Prison Administration were Army. Drafts were transported by Navy. Once the Navy took over, nothing the Army said would matter. They fight constantly. I reviewed the Pasay difficulties arising out of this same Army Navy feud. The only chance of stopping this practice of hazardous transport of prisoners is thru Tokyo via Prison Administration. The prospects are

Sept. 30, 1944 - Saturday (continued)

~~blatant~~ We are on record. That is all we can ever expect to accomplish.

Capt. Deane dropped in late tonight for a last chat. We talked of England and our English transplants in America, particularly in my Tidewater, Va. - Suffolk, Portsmouth, Norfolk, Essex, the "chesters" and "shires" etc. His address: Capt. Peter S. W. Deane, 13A, White Lodge, Colchester, Essex, Eng. (c/o Suffolk Regiment) - (Father, J. D. Deane - same as above).

Oct. 1, 1944 - Sunday. Raining heavily most of morning. Usual activity as draft prepares to get under way. Their departure scheduled for 2:30 p.m. Dealing out some old worn out shoes confiscated from prisoners two years ago. Japs say "all the shoes we have." One is better off barefooted. Had a last chat with Dr. Ver Snel<sup>fil</sup>, the Dutchman. The lad has something on the ball. Address: F. Versnel, M.O. 1st. Lieut; Dept. Van Oorlog. Bandveng, Java (wife- Mrs. E. L. Versnel - Lang. TJITAROMSTRAAT. g Bandaeng, Java.) Hope to see him after the war.

Draft began assembling about noon in a heavy downpour. Everybody dripping wet. Nogi arrived about 2 p.m. Asked him to see one severe asthma on a stretcher which we had taken into #7 for shelter. This man we had reported unfit to travel but Japs said all on present list must go. Nogi refused to see him. He had to be taken on stretcher. After a sloppy 2 hrs. the last had left. Among them; 10 Navy hospital corpsmen as follows: Bell, B.R., pharm. 3/c; McBain, A.G., c. pharm; Eckstein, L.W., pharm. 1/c; Halverson, L.H. jr., pharm. 2/c; Moffett, K.P., pharm. 2/c; Harris, C.H. pharm. 2/c;

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Currie, F., pharm. 2/c; Nelson, H.R., Pharm. 2/c; Bradley, J.J. Pharm. 3/c; Clough, James B. Pharm. 3/c.

Received one injury case about 6:30 p.m. from dock. Fell from truck. Report is that the ship carrying draft is a small freighter, poor condition, draft going aboard one by one down a small ladder into hold. Reports about 100 ships in bay (?) Destruction of docks reported but impression I gained is that there is a hell of a lot more to be done. Have heard some distant booming last several nights. Sound like artillery or mines or maybe blasting. Raining hard tonight. Zundell very sick. G.I. upset of violent nature. Divine services this date.

Oct. 2, 1944 - Monday. Died at 0610 this date, Dewhurst, Robert; Sgt. Royal Corps of Signals; BA #2321358. Born Manchester, Lancashire, Eng. May 30, 1912, Prot. (Church of Eng.) N.O.K. Mother - Anna Maria Dewhurst, #5 Black Pool Road, Ansdell, Lancashire, England. Diag: Amebic Dysentery, Beri beri, Malnutrition. Buried in Del Norte Cemetery. Received here as a survivor of sunken transport.

Eleven officers including McFarland arrived from Las Pinas today. Some additional side lights on recent bombings as seen from their angle. Nichols seems to have been worked over very well. European campaign progresses. Suggests Nov. as a possible fold up. The sooner the quicker for us here. Time means everything for our situation here has daily grown more serious. Our census is still at 2,032 even with 800 of the draft gone. Japanese have given no intended indication as to the rest of this draft personnel. They adopted a non interested attitude toward them today as tho they were

Oct. 2, 1944 - Monday (continued)

~~of importance~~ and changed their reporting classification of ~~them which~~ reverts them to their original status and origin.

This may mean nothing.

More mail arrived from Japan today. Understand I have one letter of Feb. 44 from 808 Prince St.

Am concerned over the several cases now occurring which look like bacillary dysentery. Zundell very sick. Moved him to S.O. 2 tonight. Two officers in S.O.2 suffering similarly. Cecil is sick tonight and may go the same route. Several other scattered cases in camp. Why all of us aren't dead is the great wonder. Our unhygienic state in the past month should have done something to every one of us.

The departed draft is still in the bay. Two Taiwans from the guard were back here this afternoon for some supplies. Learned tonight that Haase is at Muji - coaling Station near Nagasaki. Tonight, another death in isolation: Hewlett, Owan M. pfs, U.S.A. 192nd Tank Battn. 6642218 - Born Ky. 11/3/02. Protestant. N.O.K. Father, Giles Hewlett R.R.4 Madisonville, Ky. Died 1950, 10/2/44. Diag: Dysentery, Amebic type, Beri Beri, Malnutrition. Buried Del Norte, Manila.

Oct. 3, 1944 - Tuesday. Rained hard all night and still raining this morning. Some gun fire during night at a distance. Much plane activity for about 2 hrs. 8-10 p.m. A Britisher died suddenly this morning.

Cox, Arthur Fogley, Pvt. B.A. 1st Cambridgeshire Reg. 6020844 - Born Leyton, London, England - Prot. N.O.K. brother, John B. Cox,

Oct. 3, 1944 - Tuesday (continued)

17 ~~Cliff~~ Rd. Layton, London, E10, England. Died 0725, 10/3/44.

Diagn: Pneumonia, Pulmonary embolism. Buried Del Norte.


Oct. 4, 1944 - Wednesday. Received word late last night that Nogi would inspect all SID cases today. Also requesting by name and rank and rate all well Medical personnel of staff. Something cooking. Raining hard as hell. Worked most of day on sanitary report and food prospectus - a sad mess. Long conference with Hansen on same. Nothing available but coconuts at a price to allow each of us one nut a month. Coffee - 100 P's a kilo. Beans (when available,) 10,000 a sac. We were paid as usual this month but it can't be spent to any advantage. We are money poor in one sense. No need to discuss allowances. The market has made it for us. I predicted last month. The economic situation would solve itself in 30 days. It has. We have exactly nothing as a market. One more air raid and we will have *less*. Raining hard all day. Nogi canceled inspection. Tomorrow at 10 a.m. Japs asking for list of all in Bilibid except draft will go.

Six arrived from Corregidor including Maj. Lathrop and *Shipman*.

While much of their news was good, the camp don't like the Army-Navy *G-2* report that Japs can hold out 18 months after Germany falls. Sort of puts the boys in a slump to think of 18 months more of it. Several more bacillary dysentery cases developed. Most are responding to Sulfaquinine. Zundel is better.

Oct. 5, 1944 - Thursday. Nogi made half his inspection. Usual system. ~~Write~~<sup>Write</sup> down little symbols like hen scratching alongside each name. We hear from it later. Still know nothing. Sewer trouble and serious. Sewer line from dysentery plugged and overflowing in compound. Managed to get Kubota scared enough to call City Dept. at once and in meanwhile give us permission to open pipe if necessary. Digging down now and having to bail as we go. Raining most of day and raining hard tonight. Everybody trying to outtalk this 18 mos. stuff. The boys don't like that.

Oct. 6, 1944 - Friday. Nogi completed his inspection. As usual didn't go near N.P. or dysentery. Took up matter of disciplinary action in draft personnel. Finally got Nogi to see a theft case and one of insubordination and put them in brig for 7 days. Had all Company Commanders up before him and let them know they had to control gambling in their companies and clean out all illegal medicine. Gilbert, Jones et al., wanting to know the dope and had to let Gilbert know that unless the officers up there ordered out their commands they could expect the Japs to move in on them. The officers are as involved in illegal deals as the men. A very dissatisfied re group up there. Gilbert lacks force, initiative, interest, experience- something. Jones has worn himself out. He tried but the game was too tough. He has about quit. Half yasame - joke of the week.

At about 1 p.m. Cunningham , cobbler technician on our staff suddenly fell dead in the head of the chief's quarters. Autopsy revealed a marked coronary sclerosis. Date: Cunningham, C.A. Sgt. 31st Inf. U.S.A. - 19013479, Age: 34, N.O.K. Mother. Mrs. Charlotte Cunningham. Ref: Prob. Buried in Bilibid plot. Several of staff


Oct. 6, 1944 - Friday (continued)

and patients desired to attend a service for him. Japs granted permission to bury him here in Bilibid. So did. Turned over valuables - 1 ring and money 100 P + to Japs.

Oct. 7, 1944 - Saturday. Gilbert bungled the medicine shakedown of course by <sup>vaccinating</sup> delay. Naturally, nobody had nothing. I jumped down his throat for poor handling and looseness of administration. Issued orders restricting draft to upper compound except those on authorized business. The policing and enforcing of this order up to draft. Personnel from this compound not allowed up there except on authorized business. Republished gambling orders and had to have Raker and Weisblatt before me for failure to comply with O.D.'s direction to breakup game. On trail of drug peddlers all morning. Ordered Dispens<sup>ary</sup> to issue no more medicine on anybody's order but their own and reduce by at least half, the medicine, output. It is now being taken but bartered and sold to Japanese. Our supply is running low as hell. Our critical situation as to medical supplies will soon solve itself by our not having any at all. Japs dealt us a hell of a blow today when, on starvation rations already, they fail to meet their gram allowance by 212 kilos, reducing us 50 grms. ~~per man~~. Our lowest grain ration yet - hardly 240 grms. per man per day. Only ~~enough~~ horrible tong kong and a few cassava to make enough soup for half the camp. Old man Guitard now on serious list. One by one our old civilians are dying off. Have been under the weather past 2 days. Heavy cold and <sup>fizzly</sup> as hell. Received another letter from Marye today dated Feb. 3, 1944. Air warning siren sounded at 3 p.m. today - went into alert. In about an hour sounded all secure.



Oct. 7, 1944 - Saturday (continued)

Just before that, we had cited a plane with wing's like this  American naval type. Imagine it is one the Japs have acquired from some of our operation areas and flew it in as a drill-checking on their observation system. I certainly can't understand any real threat that would last an hour and then give us full secure. Raining hard again tonight.

Oct. 8, 1944 - Sunday. Divine services held during the day.

Disciplinary case of Sgt. May U.S.A. heard by Japanese upon our recommendation. Sentence pending. Most of our disciplinary cases now evolve about food. Everybody is so dam starved. However, the chow is divided equally by us. When others appropriate more - somebody loses. We can't allow food thefts - chaos would result. But it's understandable, these food thefts. Died: this date - Marshal, J.R., 2M. Phil. Dept. #6582813. Born W.Va. May 31, 1905 - Amebic Dys. - Ad case. trans. colon. N.O.K. - friend - J. M. Roberson, Vega, Tex., - Buried Del Norte, Manila. Still feeling rough, Still hoarse. Depressed as hell all day. The situation sometimes looks hopeless. Wade and I called up front today to meet LT Hashide who has relieved Kammua, is in charge of guard, will live here at Bilibid, be in "Executive" capacity. Nogi won't be in as frequently, we can take up administrative matters with him. Tells us he has had experience and knowg how to handle prisoners, that he knows this is a hospital, that Nogi has said we are doing O.K. so he has no intended changes. All present rules and regulations to be complied with. Asked us what we would do if planes came back and should blow a hole in wall. We replied that as far as the Med. Dept. was concerned they could leave the damn



Oct. 8, 1944 - Sunday (continued)

~~gate~~ wide open and we wouldn't leave - that our duty lay with the sick and we would remain with the sick always - that our own country would consider us liable to court-martial for leaving the sick, that our country expects us to carry on in our medical capacity behind the enemy's lines and this precludes any escape on our part. This sort of <sup>knocked</sup> them off their feet again altho we have repeatedly mentioned this feature of our prisoner status. The Japs just can't understand this attitude of ours. We made no claim for other prisoners and what they would do if a hole were blown in the wall.

Took up matter of marked grain shortage in issue. Japanese were receptive owing to great shortage. Our figures wrong by 70 kilos however.

Oct. 9, 1944 - Monday. Rained during night. Overcast and dark this morning. Our services functioning again thank God. Dysentery outbreak slackening off and cases responding to Sulfaquinadine. So much garbage scavenging we have to hold up our rat campaign because the men will find and eat the poison packages. Notified this morning that 200 off. arrive from Cabou today, 200 tomorrow, and ~~draft~~ entire will leave in "few days." Still trying to get newspaper or ~~scrip~~ paper for toilet paper. Just can't pry them loose. Camp now almost devoid of any light at night and no bulbs available.

Two hundred officers arrived from Cabanatuan this p.m. and added to draft. Crowded into #18 & #13. News good except in China. Learned of deaths of Wilkie and Al Smith. Called to conference with Nogi at 3 p.m. Ben! Directed to nominate 8 med. off. & 92 hosp. corpsmen for

Oct. 9, 1944 - Monday (continued)

~~draft~~ ~~Wade~~ and I worked until 10 p.m. going over the situation and making selections. With Army M.O.'s present and available, and 3 Army medics, this reduces our actual Navy staff loss to 3 M.O.'s and 89 corpsmen. This reduces us to 61 corpsmen remaining - reduces our wards to half manned state, wipes out all corpsmen galley watch, removes all from activities other than medical. We pointed out the embarrassment to activities. Nogi and Kubota admit the "inconvenience" and Nogi refers to it as an emergency proposition he couldn't help. Offers us "relief" in few days. The only possible relief is chiefly by Army corpsmen. We explained to Kubota that Army corpsmen are not trained as Navy corpsmen for actual care of sick. As usual "Izzatso?" However, in event we must lose this group we have asked that what few Navy corpsmen still remain in Cabanatuan be returned to us in Bilibid. It will help some. I judge there ~~are~~ about 10 there. This draft also to include some patients - 50 enlisted "sick in hosp." cases and 11 line officer patients also to go. Probably even more. Evidently a "sick" evacuation. Those patients chosen to go were marked by Nogi at his last inspection. Much backing and filling as last adjustments in personnel are made. The rumor of the night is that Nogi took the woodchoppers for the Jap galley into the galley and gave them some extra food and told them arrangements had been made between U.S. & Japan to free the relief ship and same was now on way to Manila and this ship was the one to take back this draft. I have known Nogi a long time and I'll be damned if I can conceive of him ever doing this rumor tonight I was inclined to believe that this hospital personnel - patients and officer draft, was to travel under different conditions than

Oct. 9, 1944 - Monday (continued)

~~hereafter~~ ~~Flame~~ case heard by Japs. Sentence on Mayo - 5 days in brig. And 5 a.m. in brig men. Cabanatuan reports over 50 British and Dutch survivors were brought directly there. Many others got ashore not yet picked up. Also report that American subs picked up many (125) and took them to Saipan. States & Churchill raising hell as to condition of prisoners, treatment, manner of hauling etc.

Oct. 10, 1944 - Tuesday. Busy with draft preparations. Have had to add 2 more corpsmen to draft making total of 91. Its tough to make these selections. Busy all day - Japs all fouled up and have received orders and counter<sup>the</sup> orders all day as to movement. Two hundred arrived from Cabanatuan. Problems still arising. Sick<sup>list</sup> continues to mount and draft selectees prove unable to move. At 10 p.m. tonight the order is that entire draft will depart tomorrow at noon. Clothing changes to go on all night. Saw Watson and told him bye bye. Japs jittery all day with eyes on the sky. 23 pursuits went over early in the morning. Unidentified Cabanatuan drafts report troops with artillery and tanks moving north. Bailed out all foxholes tonight. We are ordered in at 8 p.m. <sup>under</sup> ~~order~~ we have necessary business. This last minute draft movement is a rush job.

Oct. 11, 1944 - Wednesday. Draft has been in process of formation all morning. Rainy but has dried some. At eleven p.m. last night, died - Sawbert, Ira Francis, pfc, U.S.A. 60th C.A. #16003945 (Born: Ill.) Cath. N.O.K. Father I.P. Lambert, Summit, Ill. (Oct. 20, 1919) Beri Beri Myocarditis malnutrition. Buried in Del Norte Cemetery.

Oct. 11, 1944 - Wednesday (continued)

This morning found dead in bed - Millekan, M.A. Sgt. U.S.A. #6934706. Kansas, Oct. 6, 1915, Prot. Nok, Mother Miss. Gladys Millikan, 3921 - A Wayne Ave. Kansas City, Mo. Beri Beri - Acute Cardiac Del. Lung infarct, Pellagra. Buried Del Norte, Manila. Beri Beri heart deaths all becoming a most frequent occurrence. Our death rate has been high for the past 2 months and prospects are not good in general. The curve continues as we prognosticated 6-8 mos. ago.

Trying to get more sick cases off draft. Succeeding in about 75% of cases. Amebic come off easily. Others - tough racket. At 12:30 p.m. the exodus began. Tried to see everyone and tell them goodbye. Am losing some damn good men on this deal. But their future is no more questionable than ours - in fact, there are many reasons to believe that we who remain are the poorer risks. Too many "ifs," "and," add "buts" - we cannot judge who may have the better of the deal. Mayberry (Bilibid Chief) at mast the morning on complaint of Capt. Smith, patients SO 2. Discourtesy to an officer. Warning. Mayberry is a personality misfortune.

An hour after draft left air alert sounded. Can imagine what the draft is thinking as they fill the Port area. However I expect no planes here.

Oct. 12, 1944 - Thursday. The entire compound silent as a churchyard last night and this morning. Began making our adjustments of personnel - the work continues on a regular unbroken routine. Still in alert. Draft of 237 officers arrived from Cabanatuan at 3:30 p.m. Budgett, Freeney, Com. Portes et al. This is 1st echelon of a 1500 man draft. Much to be considered as to what this unit may expect. And the Japs won't talk. Draft to arrive in too's.

Oct. 13, 1944 - Friday. Japs taking yasame. Long confab this morning with Bridgett, Portes, Feeney. News good. Really working over staff up north. Minor problems moved out for draft. Providing commissaries - clear and hot all day. Secure sounded this morning.

Oct. 14, 1944 - Saturday. 2nd echelon arrived about 1:00 a.m. Learn that 1000 birds worked over Formosa in last couple days - fleet operating in that area. Conference with Kubota, about annexing Siliphant and Droyer to staff. This was a feeler - Kubota allowed that Nogi had his own ideas about this hospital. That is what I was afraid of. In the meanwhile, when I have a few moments, I am working on Spanish poetry.

Japanese directed that I <sup>assign</sup> 1 Bil. Chaplain to draft. Brewster nominated. Hell of a headache. To bed.

Oct. 15, 1944 - Sunday. Air raid at 8:45 a.m. They worked over Port area, Nichols Field et al. not as much over city as heretofore. Dog fighting here and there. Couple of observ. <sup>planes</sup> shot down. Saw a couple parachutes come into play. Notified at 2 p.m. that entire staff from here would go and some patients. They aren't able to get the Cabanatuan crowd down here fast enough to make a getaway. Am waiting for Nogi to come in and give me the dope.

Oct. 17, 1944 - Tuesday. Another Cabanatuan <sup>group</sup> arrived. More to follow. Gen. <sup>imagination</sup> is there that a med. group is to come here and take over and we go. Don't know - yet. Another air alarm this morning but no planes came over.

Oct. 19, 1944 - Thursday. Under raids all day for past three days - planes working over Port area and Nichols Field - all fields. Drafts

**Oct. 19, 1944 - Thursday (continued)**

continue to arrive from Cabanatuan. Jones arrived tonight D. Fraleigh etc. Warren Wilson arrived as a separated Med. organization - 8 M.D. - 2 D.O. - 65 corpsmen. Looks like they are going to relieve us sure as hell. Japs left all reservists at hospital and got rid of regulars. Warren's group all Reservists and we are all regulars but 3. Looks like we are on our way. They brought in the Las Penas gang yesterday. Seventy of them. A secure siren sounded at 6 p.m. tonight.

**Oct. 20, 1944.** Bright, clear, sunny. Seasm is breaking. Alert siren at 7:30 a.m. Raid and alert all day.

**Oct. 26, 1944.** Six days alert and secure - alert and secure. One short snappy raid on morning of 23rd (or 24th). Beecher arrived from Cabanatuan several days ago. News of landing in Leyte. Warren and his medical officers and corpsmen quartered in Bldg. 5 we are still standing by wondering what we are going to do but all of us are satisfied we are moving out with the draft. If it moves. Census now 2229 and remains so. Portz filed a protest against moving prisoners thru combat zone. No reply as yet. Under alert today since 8:00 a.m. No planes as yet altho now 2:30 p.m. Many Jap planes moving northward. Many rumors abroad re landings on Luzon. Bear no stigma of authenticity as yet. Subsisting on nothing but scarce ration of watery lugao of rice and corn and a bit of cocoanut we can get. Losing wt. *f*ast and many of us showing signs of failure. Yanks, better keep coming and fast. Letter from Roland. He has apparently spent a year at San Fernando recovering from T.B. No date on letter. Japs expecting night raid and building a night shelter inside the old execution chamber. Looks like one for the general. Acute sudden deaths arriving us continues due to Beri Beri hearts.



Oct. 26, 1944 - (continued)

On Oct. 24, 1944 - Died - Reese, Chas. A. T/Sgt U.S.A. #6383509  
16th Brit. Squad. 27 Bomb jump Prot. N.O.K. mother, Mrs. Mary Reese,  
414 Allen Ave. Shreveport, La. Died at 0520, Diag. Beri Beri, Cardiac,  
Buried Del Norte Cemetery, Manila. Born Dec. 14, 1909, Texarkana, Tex.

Oct. 24, 1944. Died 0705 - Gregory, Herbert James Prot. B.A. #6029161 -  
5th Bn. Royal Norfolk Reg. - Rel. Church of England. Born London  
Eng. Feb. 13, 1912. N.O.K. wife, Mrs. Margaret Gregory, 75 Melville  
Rd. Stonebudge Park, London, N.W. 10 England. Dysentery, Amebic  
buried Del Norte Cemetery.

Col. Warner (Balto, Md.) and Col. Barr (Frisco etc) visited us  
all morning in quarters. Made early morning rounds. The old place  
manages to keep clicking in spite of the uncertainty of conditions,  
overcrowding etc. Two emergency operations in past 2 days. "Scotty"  
was in to see me. Col. Craig visited. Jones dropped in recently.  
Bridgett buzzes in and out with his rumors and attempting to run everything.  
I listen and ignore them. After all we are still running the show and  
don't mean to <sup>let</sup> part from our policy of everybody share alike as long  
as we are in it and no personalities involved. McKisisk is here  
with Warren's group. Usual wise cracks. Two planes went over with  
usual round red rising sirens on wings. (Flying flaming assholes)  
Mac yells - "Calif. <sup>ign</sup>natural guards! Can't keep <sup>from</sup> ~~sun~~ advertising orguges  
on the wing. 'Ham' Hawthorn in. Brought me Snider's ? to him with  
message to me. My communication from Corrigidor reached there and  
Ham's father notified above him as requested. Letter dated Apr. 43.  
Have 30,000 in of recent dates but except for Roland's have reserved  
no others. Some post marks are as late as June 30, 1944.

END OF DIARY